TWENTY-NINTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

VOL. XXIX. AUTUMN NUMBER, 1933 No. 228

Published 1st September

# THE DICKENSIAN

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UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF DICKENS WITH JOHN HULLAH

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THE COLLATION OF A PERFECT PICKWICK

* * *

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* * *

GOING TO THE DOGS— WITH DICKENS

* * *

AND MANY OTHER ARTICLES

* * *

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

PUBLISHED BY THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP AT THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

PRICE ONE SHILLING NET

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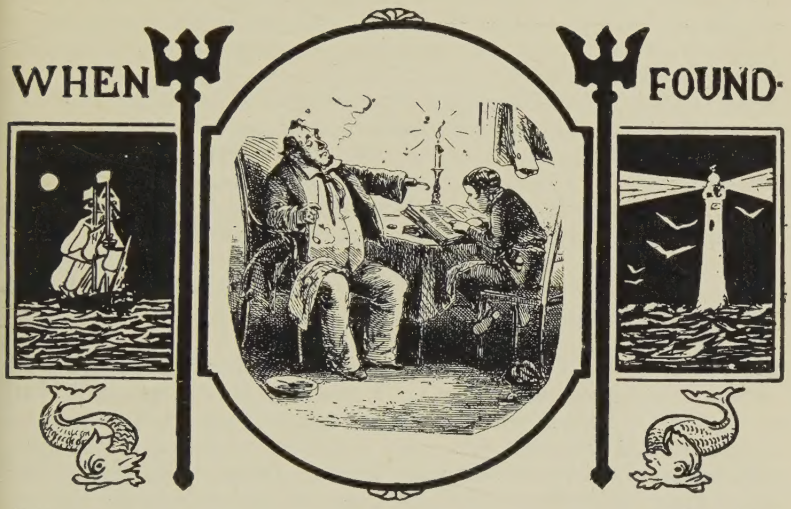



*Drawn by*] [*Ruth Whittaker*

**Those Fellowship Notes !**

With the coming of September, branches of The Dickens Fellowship the world over are preparing to open their seasons for the thirty-third year of our unique Society. Simultaneously, this magazine commences its thirtieth year of continuous publication. As noted on the cover it is a magazine for Dickens lovers ; but being the property of The Dickens Fellowship it has always striven to report the doings of this world-wide organisation. It is obviously impossible to print full reports of each meeting of the seventy-five branches, and it is most difficult to do justice to a meeting in an abridged report. For this reason the old section, entitled " The Dickens Fellowship, Here, There and Everywhere," was discontinued by the present Editor, and " Fellowship Notes " substituted, with a special appeal for particulars of the meetings for insertion in the Diary. The object was to present in brief form a bird's-eye view of the many activities of the Fellowship, leaving the pages headed " Fellowship Notes " for items of special interest. In many cases entries in the Diary are sufficient evidence of the activities of a branch, and no further account is necessary. In this manner more pages will be made available for articles of general interest.

Each Branch Secretary receives a free copy of this magazine, and it is regretted that less than half the branches reciprocate by forwarding a list of their meetings to be included in the Diary. This feature does not serve the purpose set out above if it is not complete. Will Branch Secretaries kindly see that this defect is removed ? In regard to Fellowship Notes, in future, notes which contain simply a repetition of the Diary, even when the obvious " very successful " and " most enjoyable " are added, will not be printed. Another point ; it is impossible to print in this magazine reports covering a whole season's

work, otherwise there would be no space left for the inclusion of articles of interest to the Dickens lover, for which the magazine primarily exists.

* * * * *

**More Unpublished Dickens Letters.** A collection of thirty-six letters from Dickens to Peter Cunningham was sold in July at Sotheby's for £225. Many of them deal with the "Splendid Strolling" in aid of charity. Among a collection of three hundred letters written to Mrs. Gaskell and lately presented to the Rylands Library in Manchester, are thirty from Dickens.

* * * * *

*The Pickwick Papers* has just been translated into Finnish and published at Helsingfors.

* * * * *

**Elgar and Delius.** Sir Edward Elgar, writing recently of his visit to Frederick Delius, said that the famous composer had been re-reading Dickens, and had remarked on his rich humanity, and uncertain art. This led to a discussion of the comparative merits of the novels, apart from *Pickwick*, which they agreed stood alone. Elgar selected *Bleak House* as Dickens's best. Delius's choice was *David Copperfield*, but he agreed with Elgar that the character of Dora was overdrawn.

* * * * *

**The Law in Dickens.** "Law in Literature" was the subject of Mr. Justice Finlay's Lenten Reading at the Middle Temple Hall in May last. His Lordship's opinion of the opening chapter of *Bleak House* was that Dickens had never written anything better, unless possibly the description of the storm in *David Copperfield*. Dealing with the various points of interest in the famous Trial of Bardell *v.* Pickwick, Mr. Justice Finlay remarked that "the state of the law when *Pickwick* was published has diminished for ever the public stock of amusement by making impossible a cross-examination of Mr. Pickwick by Sergeant Buzfuz."

* * * * *

**An Acknowledgment.** The amusing and clever article in the last number of *The Dickensian*, "Mr. Sapsea, the Murderer of Edwin Drood," was the work of Mr. R. Vanes Alexander, of Mossel Bay, a frequent contributor to the South African press.

* * * * *

**The Parker House Hotel, Boston.** The Parker House Hotel in Boston, where Dickens stayed, has been rebuilt, but the fittings of his sitting-room, where the Boston Branch used to meet, have been incorporated in one of the rooms of the new hotel. "Boston is a browsing town," says the Hotel in the course of an advertisement now appearing in the American press. "The noted Dickens Room with its interesting exhibit, is a good place to start your browsing." We have been accustomed to English hotels advertising their connection with Dickens. The Parker House in Boston is, we believe, the first to do so in America.

**An Impudent Impostor.**

In the autumn number last year I referred to the death of a man who for many years had been claiming to be an unacknowledged son of Charles Dickens, and quoted from a letter of Mr. Ley in the " Western Mail," to show how preposterous was the suggestion. The paragraph has brought me into communication with Professor Cumbrae-Stewart, of the University of Queensland, President of our Brisbane Branch, who has kindly provided me with a copy of the marriage certificate of this impostor at Charters Towers, North Queensland. This is dated 1900 and gives the name of the bridegroom as Hector Charles Bulwer Lytton Dickens, the place of his birth as Yorkshire, and his mother's name as Mary Annie Richardson, not as Catherine Hogarth or Georgina Hogarth as he had variously asserted on previous occasions ; once in particular when in 1908 he made a statement at Calcutta before the Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Children in India for the purpose of obtaining financial assistance for his son. In this he stated that his mother was Georgina Hogarth and that he went to live with her at Gad's Hill when he was three ; that Mrs. Dickens was not long in discovering the relationship, and there was a scene which resulted in Mrs. Dickens leaving the house, never to set foot in it again. He remained at Gad's Hill with his mother, he said, and was brought up with the rest of the family. His chief playmate, so the statement continues, was his brother, Edward, whom he later met in Australia, final proof of the falsity of his story, because, of course, Edward's full name was Edward Bulwer Lytton, the names which the impostor had annexed. Edward was a public man in New South Wales, and his name was well known. Mrs. Dickens, he stated, died in 1867 when he was thirteen years of age (in fact she died in 1879), and after that his father told him he intended to proceed to Hull with his mother to marry her there.

A search for the issue of the marriage of this impostor has revealed the birth in December, 1900, of a son named Charles Tennyson Dickins (*sic.*). Another son of the novelist's who was also in Australia bore " Tennyson " as a Christian name. The registration of the birth was made by the father, who signed the declaration, " H. C. B. L. Dickins." (*sic.*).

That was in 1900 ; about five years later, with his wife and son, he went to India, and three years later still, having corrected his name to Dickens, he made the application referred to above, of which it so happens the Dickens Fellowship already had a record.

In 1912 he was still in Calcutta, " telling the tale " to the editor of an important newspaper there ; but they would have none of him. Later he must have come to England, for we received various newspaper cuttings from the West of England during 1925-9 referring to him as a son of Charles Dickens.

His wife described herself on the marriage certificate as Edith Vernon, daughter of Howard Vernon. Now, that was the name of a well-known actor of the time in Australia, and it seems that she annexed it just as her husband did the name of his father, " Charles Dickens, Author."

**Who He Really Was.** This impostor was probably a man known in and around Charters Towers as Charley Peters. From 1896 to 1905, when he went to India with his wife and child, he made a precarious living by various means including mining. He was highly imaginative and was accustomed to tell stories about his early life at Gad's Hill (in which all the details were inaccurate). The reason why he changed his name to Peters, was, so he said, that he had been dismissed from the army on a charge of neglect of duty, having been a subaltern with the Prince Imperial at the time the latter was killed by the enemy during the Zulu War. This does not tally with the known facts of this incident, for it is a matter of history that Lieutenant Carey had to shoulder the blame, and was exchanged into another corps.

* * * * *

**" The Cricket " in Moscow.** Alexis Granowsky, of the Art Theatre in Moscow, says that *The Cricket on the Hearth* is one of the most popular stories in Russia. It has been performed as a play over six thousand times in Moscow alone. I quote this figure from " The Sunday Referee," but should, nevertheless, be inclined to doubt it.

* * * * *

A " Phiz " exhibition was opened at the Hove Museum in July ; and will remain open until the middle of October. Hablot K. Browne died in Hove and is buried in the Extra-Mural Cemetery at Brighton. The exhibition is augmented by the inclusion of the work of his youngest son, Gordon Browne, who died last year.

* * * * *

**The Youngest Dickens Member of the Fellowship.** Our heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. McHugh active members of the Cirencester Branch, on the birth of a son. Mrs. McHugh is the grand-daughter of Charles Dickens the younger ; the secretary of the branch has already made overtures to secure the membership of the youngest Dickens.

* * * * *

**Ourselves.** Why are some of our branches so shy of *The Dickensian* ? From the many letters of praise which I receive from all parts of the world, it cannot be that it is above the head of the average member. Only a short time ago I sat next to a lady from an overseas British branch at dinner, and although she had been a member of the branch for several years, and had come to England with a special letter of introduction, she had never heard of the existence of such a magazine as *The Dickensian*, the magazine of the very society of which she was so proud to be a member. Strange, is it not ? Yet I am afraid there are many hundreds in the same position. What does the branch secretary do with his free copy ?

" *The Dickensian* should be in the hands of every Dickens lover and collector," says " The American Book Collector " (May-June, 1933).

WALTER DEXTER.

# DICKENS'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH JOHN HULLAH

## SOME NEW LIGHT ON HIS EARLY DRAMATIC WORK

THE valuable information concerning Dickens's connection with the St. James's Theatre contributed to *The Dickensian* in 1920 by the late S. J. Adair Fitzgerald, is considerably augmented by the complete correspondence of Dickens with J. P. Hullah, which we are able to print through the courtesy of the owner of the letters, Count de Suzannet.

The eighth, twelfth and eighteenth letters only have been previously published in the " Letters of Charles Dickens," the remaining twenty-one letters are now printed for the first time.

The great interest of this correspondence is that it reveals that long before *The Pickwick Papers* were ever thought of, and some time before the publication of his first book, Dickens was working hard to establish himself as a writer for the stage. So far we have regarded *The Strange Gentleman*, produced at the St. James's Theatre in October, 1836, as being Dickens's first serious work for the theatre ; the present correspondence makes it clear that it was *The Village Coquettes* which gave him his introduction to Braham, the owner of the St. James's Theatre and to his stage manager and leading comedian, Harley.

John Hullah was born in the same year as Dickens, and entered the Royal College of Music as a singing pupil in 1833. It was probably due to Fanny Dickens that the two young men got to know one another, and Hullah wanting a drama on which to base some music, approached Dickens, whom he knew to be the " Boz " of the " Sketches " in " The Morning Chronicle " and elsewhere, for that purpose. " I did it in a fit of d——ble good nature, long ago for Hullah, who wrote some very pretty music to it," wrote Dickens in 1843, when he besought R. H. Horne " to let the opera sink into its native obscurity." But this was his state of mind when he had six or seven years of fame to his credit. At the time he appeared to be very anxious to see the work produced, and to receive the royalties on its performances and the sale of the words and music. It was certainly " done without the least consideration or regard to reputation," as the same letter goes on to remark ; but he was a young man of not yet twenty-four years of age, bubbling over with invention and a desire to achieve things—exactly how, he did not seem to know, or even care. Doubtless the very frank criticism which he received on the production of the work, and to which we shall refer later, had a very salutary effect on him, and in this respect at least we must give full consideration to *The Village Coquettes* as a landmark in the literary history of Dickens.

We desire to thank Count de Suzannet, Mr. H. Saxe Wyndham and Mr. Wm. Miller for their valuable help in the notes which are appended to the letters which follow.

[1] 13 Furnivals Inn
Friday Evening.*

My Dear Sir.

I regret to say that my being under orders from the Chronicle will prevent my enjoying the pleasure of seeing you tomorrow, and I am not quite justified in making any appointment for the next day, as I may possibly be busy for my paper. The moment I am quite certain of an hour or two (which I doubt not will be either on Thursday or Friday) I shall beseech you to take part in a very grave discussion.

What I am anxious to suggest to you is, the expediency of dropping the Venetian idea altogether, and making the drama an English one. I really cannot please myself with any of the sketches I have made for an opera to which the title of "The Gondolier" would be applicable; and remembering the popularity and beauty of many of the old English operas, I am strongly prejudiced in favor of a simple rural story. I am the more induced to favor this notion when I consider with how little expense such a piece might be produced, and how very effective its situations might be made; while the Gondolier on the other hand would require a great many supernumeraries, and some rather costly scenery. Add to these considerations, the increased ease and effect with which we could both work on an English drama where the characters would act and talk like people we see and hear of every day, and I think you will be of my opinion.

I have a little story by me which I have not yet published, which I think would dramatize well. If you approve of my idea, it is done in a twinkling; if not I will work out your original notion, but I will frankly confess that while I am at home in England, I am in Venice abroad indeed.

If you have time to turn the matter over in your mind, you will perhaps have decided by the time I see you.

Believe me
Very sincerely yours
Charles Dickens

J. P. Hullah Esq^re^

[2] Furnivals Inn
Tuesday Evening

My Dear Sir

I was obliged to notice a new piece at the Olympic last night,† and have been engaged the greater part of the day. I have however, got on. The first scene (a long one) is nearly completed, and as far as I have gone it is copied, but I had rather not send it 'till it is finished.

This will be by one o'clock tomorrow, and as I am prevented from seeing you to-night will you call upon me at that time?

Believe me (in haste)
Ever yours sincerely
Charles Dickens

* Written in 1835 as Dickens removed from No. 13 to No. 15 in the last days of December, 1835.

† Madame Vestris was running the Olympic Theatre in 1835, and this may have reference to "Comfortable Service," a new operetta produced there on Monday, 17th November.

Hail to the merry Autumn Days when yellow corn Fields shine
Far brighter than the costly cup that holds the monarch's Wine,
Hail to the merry Harvest Time, the gayest of the year,
The time of rich and bounteous crops, rejoicing, and good cheer:
'Tis pleasant on a fine Spring Morn to see the buds expand,
'Tis pleasant in the Summer Time to view the teeming land,
'Tis pleasant on a Winter's Night to crouch around the blaze
But what are joys like these my boys, to Autumn's merry days!
Then hail to merry Autumn Days when yellow corn Fields shine
Far brighter than the costly cup that holds the monarch's Wine,
And hail to merry Harvest Time, the gayest of the year,
The time of rich and bounteous crops, rejoicing, and good cheer.

(The last four lines are repeated in another part of the scene)

J. P. Hullah Esq^re^
Princes Street

[3] Furnivals Inn
Tuesday Morning.*

My dear Sir.

The arrangements at the Chronicle Office respecting Theatre tickets are so admirable that even at this moment I am unable to say with any degree of certainty whether I shall be able to obtain the order for Braham's this evening. The printed one is mislaid (though I think Hogarth has it) and Black has written me another which I feel tolerably certain would not be admitted even if we presented it.

Perhaps as you live so near Edwards Street,† you will take the trouble to look in there at half past six this evening. If I get the ticket I will join you, if not you shall hear from me tomorrow morning. I think at the worst we are pretty certain of it tomorrow, and it is not at all improbable that we shall have it to-night.

Believe me
Very truly yours
Charles Dickens

J. P. Hullah Esq^re^

[4] Furnivals Inn
Sunday Afternoon

My Dear Hullah‡

I inclose both the Duett and song. For the latter, I have found a very dramatic situation, and I think you will find the words sufficiently passionate for display. The duett carries on the plot, and I have therefore been able to dispense with a page of dialogue. Bring either the inclosed, or legible copies, with you to the Theatre tomorrow.

Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

John Hullah Esq^re^

* Braham opened the newly-built St. James's Theatre on Monday, December 14th, 1835, and it is probable this letter has reference to a proposed visit by Dickens and Hullah.

† John Dickens and family were at this time living at 34 Edwards Street, Portman Square.

‡ This is the first letter in which Dickens addresses Hullah in familiar terms. It is sealed with the "Lion" Crest which Dickens appears to have commenced using at the time of his marriage. Therefore it was probably written in the first half of 1836.

[5] Furnivals Inn
Tuesday morning

My Dear Hullah.

I inclose you the Finale, which I shall very much like to hear, when you have completed it. I have not yet received an answer from Braham.

Believe me
Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

J. P. Hullah Esq^re^

[6] Furnivals Inn
Wednesday Evening

My dear Hullah.

When, oh *when*, will this music be ready. I really begin to grow alarmed lest Braham think we are playing him some nonsense ; and there is every reason to fear that he will have left town, *long* before it reaches his hands. A day's loss now, may be a month's after the season has commenced. It is very disheartening.

I want to see you about Cramer's & Co. to relate what passed between them and Hogarth, who has acted godfather for us, and promised and vowed in our names, that no one else shall have the opera without their being first communicated with. They say they should be *very sorry to let it slip through their hands.*

Ever yours (in the utmost haste)
Charles Dickens

[7] Furnivals Inn
Friday Morning [6th May 1836]

Dear Hullah

I inclose Cramer's answer—*quite satisfactory.* Do you think Coventry and Hollier, or Goulding and D'Almaine, would be likely to do it ? If so, perhaps it would be better for you, as a musical person, to see them, using my name of course, in any way you please.

Believe me
Very faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

J. P. Hullah Esq^re^

[8] Furnivals Inn.
Monday Afternoon. 7 o'clock.*

My Dear Hullah—

Mr. Hogarth has just been here, with news which I think you will be glad to hear. He was with Braham yesterday, who was *far more full* of the opera, than he ever was ; speaking highly of my works and "fame" (!) and expressing an earnest desire to be the first to introduce me to the Public, as a dramatic Writer. He said that he intended opening at Michaelmas ;† and added (unasked) that it was his intention to produce the opera, within *one month* of his first night. He wants a low comedy part introduced,‡ without

* Probably written in the summer of 1836.
† Braham opened his theatre for the autumn season on September 29th.
‡ For Harley.

singing: thinking it will take with the audience. As he is desirous of explaining to me, what he means, and who he intends to play it, I am to see him on Sunday Morning. Full particulars of the Interview shall be duly announced.

Perhaps I shall see you meanwhile. I have only time to add that I am

Most Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

[9] Furnivals Inn
Tuesday afternoon [19th July 1836]*

Dear Hullah.

I opened the opera this afternoon, and shall not close it again, please God, until it is finished. I inclose the new words for Lucy's song, and the "Fair Home" as it will stand. I have made no further alteration in the latter than was absolutely necessary.

I have some alterations to make in the Poetry. These you shall have, either tomorrow evening, or Thursday morning. The sooner, the better, of course, as your words must tally with mine. This remark applies especially to "Love is not a feeling," the Duett, "Some folks who have grown old and sour"; and as I best recollect, that's all.

We will settle tomorrow night whether the reading shall come off next Saturday. I only want to be quite certain before we fix it, that *we* shall be ready.

Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

J. P. Hullah Esq^re^

After the 1^st^ Verse of "How beautiful at Eventide":

The gay morning breaks,
The mists roll away,
All nature awakes
To the glorious day.
In my breast alone
Dark shadows remain,
The peace it has known,
It can never regain.

My fair home is no longer mine.
From its roof-tree I'm driven away;
Alas! Who will tend the old Vine
Which I planted in Infancy's day!
The garden, the beautiful flowers,
The oak with its branches on high,
Dear friends of my happiest hours,
Among thee, I once hoped to die.
The briar, the moss, and the bramble,
Upon the green paths will run wild;
The paths where I once used to ramble,
An innocent, light hearted child!

* The dates given to this and the next letter are based upon the contents, assuming the readings referred to, to be one and the same.

[10] 15 Furnivals Inn
Tuesday Morning [July 26, 1836]*

Dr Hullah.

If convenient to you, I think we had better fix *Saturday*, for the return of the opera. I have some difficulty in getting it copied, and as there will be two clear months from that day, before the 1st of October, there can be no doubt that it will be most excellent time. James bears the following letter to Braham, which if you approve, he will take on at once. I have blown the trumpet.

Furnivals Inn
Tuesday Morning

Dr Sir

Lest you should think I have neglected the Village Coquettes, I beg to say that I have made the whole of the alterations, and hoped to have been able to return the piece before. So far as Mr. Hullah and I are concerned, it is quite ready; we are merely waiting for the copying to be finished. This will be on Saturday next, and I shall have the pleasure of forwarding you the Drama in a very improved shape, together with the Piano Forte copy of the whole of the music, on that day.

You will perhaps not be displeased to hear that we read the piece & tried the music, on Saturday Evening, before a few confidential friends, literary and musical, some of whom will be called upon to express their opinion of it on its first appearance. These are not people who usually express any very strong opinion of a composition submitted to their private judgment, but they were enthusiastic in praise of the whole affair, from beginning to end. Macrone the Bookseller, purchased the copyright of the first Edition of the Piece at the termination of the first act.

Dr Sir

Very faithfully yours
C D

John Braham Esqre

Robert Hogarth will be with you this evening. You had better spare him to me afterwards. He has exerted himself very much in getting the opera ready for the reading, and I think it (entre nous) but fair that he should have the advantage of what I pay for the copying. He will therefore begin it tomorrow evening, and finish it by Saturday. Let me know what time I shall see you on that day with the music, to make up the parcel.

Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

J. P. Hullah Esqre

[11] Wedy Morning

Dr Hullah

I have a note from Braham approving of the alterations, and wishing to know "on the part of the writer, and composer of the music, their views with regard to pecuniary compensation." To this note I have written the draft of an answer, and thereupon

* See note to Letter No. 9.

I wish to consult you. I shall be at home to-day till evening, and all day tomorrow until 5 o'clock.

Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

[12] Petersham
Monday Evening [29th August 1836]*

Dear Hullah.

Since I called on you this morning, I have not had time to look over the words of "the child and the old man." It occurs to me, as I shall see you on Wednesday *Morning*, that the best plan will be for you to bring the music (if you possibly can) without the words, and we can put them in then. Of course this observation applies only to that particular song.

Braham having sent to me, about the farce, I called on him this morning, Harley wrote, when he had read the whole of the opera, saying "It's a sure card—nothing wrong *there*. Bet you ten pound it runs fifty nights. Come, don't be afraid. I will be the gainer by it, and you needn't mind betting; it's a capital custom." They tell the story with infinite relish. I saw the fair manageress, who is fully of Harley's opinion, so is Braham. The only difference is, that they are far more enthusiastic than ourselves, even. That's a bold word, isn't it? It is a true one, nevertheless.

"Depend upon it, Sir," said Braham to Hogarth yesterday, when he went there to say I should be in town to-day, "Depend upon it, Sir, that there has been no such music since the days of Sheil, and no such piece since the Duenna."—"Everybody is delighted with it," he added to me to-day. "I played it to Stansbury,† who is by no means an excitable person, and he was *charmed*." This was said with great emphasis, but I have forgotten the grand point. It was not "I played it to Stansbury," but "I sang it—*all through*" ! ! !

I begged him, as the choruses are to be put into rehearsal directly the company get together, to let us have, through Mrs. Braham, the necessary passports to the stage, which will be forwarded. He leaves town on the *8th of September*. He will be absent a month, and the first rehearsal will take place immediately on his return; previous to it, (I mean the 1st rehearsal, not the return), I am to read the piece. His only remaining suggestion is that Miss Rainforth will want another song, when the piece is in rehearsal, "a bravura, something in the 'Soldier tired' way." We must have a confab about this, on Wednesday morning.

Harley called in Furnivals Inn, to express his high delight and gratification, unfortunately we had left town. I shall be at head quarters by 12 Wednesday noon.

Believe me, dear Hullah,
Most faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

*P.S.*—Tell me on Wednesday, when you can come down here for a day or two. Beautiful place, meadow for exercise, horse for your riding, boat for your rowing, room for your studying, anything you like.

* We have given this letter the date ascribed to it by the late Adair Fitzgerald in *The Dickensian* for April, 1920.

† The Musical Director of the theatre.

[13] Edwards Street*
Sunday Afternoon [? 11th Sept. 1836]

Dear Hullah.

Immediately after I left you the other day, I fell into the arms of Bentley; and immediately after that, into the ditto's of Harley who dragged me home with him, and forced me into town, again to-day. He is delighted with the farce, and it will certainly be got up well. He has copied out his part in The Village Coquettes, himself, for the convenience of learning, and looks over it daily. They want to open, if they possibly can, *tomorrow fortnight*.

The immediate object of my writing, is to say that I am going to the Theatre on Tuesday at a little after one, to see Harley (who perhaps you know, is Stage Manager) about the farce,† and if you can make your arrangements so as to accompany me after we have been to Cramer's, it will be a good opportunity. I shall not read the farce that day, but most probably the next.

What Bentley said about the opera, I defer till I see you, on Tuesday morning.

Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

[14] Edwards Street.
Saturday Night [? 17th September 1836]

Dear Hullah

I am most happy to report that the Miss Smith's are very nice-looking, well-dressed, agreeable-mannered, lady-like girls.‡ I should say that Rose especially, is a very knowing little person. *rather* fat, but not a bit too much so, with a very nice smiling pretty face. The father is all bows and politeness; and they all readiness and satisfaction. I don't think you could have picked out a nicer looking girl for the part, if you had picked all London through.

The farce is in active rehearsal, and the company have begun *business*. I would rather you didn't see it, till they drop the written parts (about the end of the week) but you will find me at the Theatre every day at half past 12 o'clock.

I have settled with Parry‖ that you and I will drink tea with him next Saturday Evening. Will that suit you?

If I have any news about the opera, you will hear from me forthwith.

Believe me (in haste)
Ever yours faithfully
Charles Dickens

[15] Petersham.
Tuesday Night [20th September 1836]§

Dear Hullah.

I have thought over Beale's request, and cannot consent to give up (what I consider) the best verse of the best song in the whole piece.

* His father's house (see letter No. 3), which Dickens evidently made his home on coming to town from Petersham, where he had taken a house for his family for the summer.

† *The Strange Gentleman*, produced on September 29th.

‡ Both had parts in *The Strange Gentleman*. One of them, Julia Smith, played Rose in *The Village Coquettes*.

‖ The actor who played the part of "Young Benson."

§ The date is in accordance with the post-mark.

If the young ladies are especially horrified at the bare notion of anybody's going to bed, I have no objection to substitute for the objectionable line

"Around, old stories go."

But you may respectfully signify to Cramer's that I will see them d—d before I make any further alteration.*

As I thought you might see them, before I come back, I considered it better to write you a line. I am sure on reflection you will see that we ought not to emasculate the very spirit of a song to suit boarding-schools, and in the opinion I have formed, I am not singular.

I shall see you on Monday at 4. Meanwhile believe me

Faithfully yours

Charles Dickens

Mrs D desires her best remembrances

[16] Furnivals Inn
late on Friday Night

My Dear Hullah.

The inclosed has just arrived. I rather think I got the steam up this morning, and they couldn't help it. I did the ferocious. I shall wait at home for you, until 10 minutes before 12. If you can come to breakfast so much the better. I most particularly wish to speak to you.

Ever yours

C D in great haste

[17] Brompton
Saturday Evening.

My Dear Hullah—

Mr. Hogarth succeeded in obtaining an Interview with Braham this morning. He expressed his entire and perfect satisfaction with the opera, and his regret that you could not wait on him tomorrow morning. His theatrical avocations prevented his fixing any other day but tomorrow week; and for that time your next visit is fixed.

Between ourselves I am rather inclined to think that the production of our opera at this advanced period of the season, chiefly depends on the success of "Fra Diavolo." Braham said this morning that he was extremely anxious to get it (The Village Coquettes) out, but that he could not just at this moment distinctly pledge himself whether it would appear this season, or whether they would begin with it, at the opening of the next. The matter is still undecided of course. We shall know for certain, I imagine, next Sunday.†

I shall see you I suppose some time next week. You will take the score with you, complete, will you not?

Ever yours sincerely

Charles Dickens

* Cramer's already referred to in Letter No. 6, were, of course, the well-known music publishers. The "objectionable line" was "Well warmed to bed they go."

† "Fra Diavolo" commenced on November 23rd. *The Village Coquettes* was put on a fortnight later, December 6th, 1836.

*To be continued*

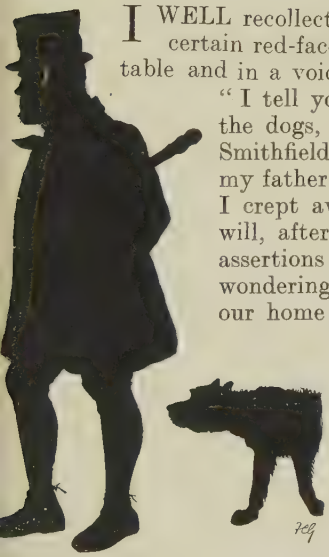
# WHO WAS THIS?

1. A highflyer at fashion.
2. A public offender.
3. Last of the Patriarchs.
4. Wore a large bonnet trembling with bows.
5. A lily—become a peony.
6. Always upright behind the proprieties.
7. A lady of what is commonly called an uncertain temper.
8. He always seemed too big for any place or space.
9. So fat that he seemed all face and waistcoat.
10. The dead image of the sun in old woodcuts.
11. An arid sandy man.
12. A thirsty soul for sixpences and shillings.
13. An idle dog who lived upon his means.
14. Had a good leg and was a little vain of it.
15. The sturdy landlord had a large pair of dull, fish-like eyes.
16. He had little round black shining eyes like beads.
17. A little dilapidated—like a house—with having been so long to let.
18. I do not remember I ever saw him do anything else but look about him.
19. A little fat woman, like her eldest daughter multiplied by two.
20. If he had only learnt a little less, how infinitely better he might have taught much more.
21. Had a youthful aspect, and the fluffiest little whisker perhaps, that ever was seen.
22. Of too haughty stomach to work, to beg, to borrow or to steal: yet mean enough to be worked, or borrowed, begged or stolen for.
23. Stationed much nearer to the lower Angels than many ladies immeasurably better got up, both by Nature and Art.
24. One of those strange creatures who never decline into an ancient appearance, but look their oldest when they are very young, and get it over at once.
25. When and where was there ever such a plump, roguish, comely bright-eyed, enticing, bewitching, captivating, maddening little puss in all the world.
26. She was a widow, but years ago had passed through her state of weeds and burst into flower again.
27. A grizzled personage in velveteen with a face so cut up by the varieties of weather that he looked as if he had been tattooed.
28. He wound and wound folds of white cravat round his neck as he wound and wound folds of tape and paper round the neck of the country.
29. I'm a disappointed drudge, sir, I care for no man on earth, and no man on earth cares for me.
30. A fearful man all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg . . . who limped and shivered and glared and growled.
31. A tall, thin gentleman, desired by the crowd, to send a boy home to ask whether he hadn't left his voice under the pillow.
32. A man made out of coarse material—with great puffed head and forehead, swelled veins in his temples and such a strained skin to his face, that it seemed to hold his eyes open.
33. A stout tall personage of about forty, with only one eye—a very bright black eye which twinkled with a roguish expression of fun and good humour.

*(The Answers will be given in the Winter Number)*

# "GOING TO THE DOGS"—WITH DICKENS

By FLORENCE TYLEE



I WELL recollect, when I was a very little girl indeed, a certain red-faced old gentleman who beat his fist on the table and in a voice that frightened me, said to my father: "I tell you what it is, Sir !—England is going to the dogs, and in less than fifty years, the fires of Smithfield will be lit again." I do not know what my father replied to this outburst, but I know that I crept away and retired into myself, as children will, after hearing such terrifying, half-understood assertions from their elders, and spent much time wondering which of the many dogs, who lived near our home on the outskirts of Bath, would devour me when the old gentleman's prophecy was carried out !

The "fires of Smithfield" troubled me less than the dog story. Fifty years seemed a terribly long time to a child of five, and lots of things might happen before the fires were kindled. But though the far off future might be put out of my mind, it was far otherwise with the other and obviously much nearer terror, and for the next year or two I looked with suspicion on all dogs and shrank from contact with even a toy terrier belonging to a neighbour, which certainly had no intention of making a meal of me. It was not until I went with an an elder sister to stay with friends of Dickens, in an old country house in Herefordshire, that the words "going to the dogs" lost for me their sinister meaning.*,

It was the great man's little god-daughter who broke the evil spell, when, on the second day of my visit, she said to me, after an interesting and productive raid on the old mulberry tree, "And now let's go to the dogs !" Ashamed to show my dread, as I was the elder child, I followed my small hostess through a little wall door, a veritable postern of pleasure, as it turned out for me, into the old stable premises where, in those happy pre-motor days, the animals were part of the family. To children the various rooms and sheds, loose boxes and out-houses, smelling of hay and apples, and leather and polishes, were wonderful places and when you had been introduced to a resident family of father, mother and eight puppies, nearly related to a dog owned by Lottie's god-father, and been allowed to nurse the infants and tumble about in the hay, the "power of the dog" became attractive instead of repellent, and "going to the dogs" a daily joy, during the rest of my happy visit.

It is more than "fifty years" since that time ; the old gentleman's

* See also the writer's previous reminiscences in *The Dickensian* for 1928, page 28.

prediction has not been verified as to the " fires of Smithfield," and some of us, at any rate, do not believe that England will ever " go to the dogs " as *he* meant it, in spite of the ardent pessimists of to-day. But the country certainly " goes to the dogs " at Crufts and wherever else it can, and the power of the dog to win the love of Western peoples generally, is greater than ever. In England certainly he is the household pet, and often the household protector.

II.

I believe that some people keep dogs because it is the " thing to do so," not because they love them. I have even heard it hinted that certain fashionable ladies choose their pets to match their complexion and hair, " to change with changing years," and vogue and size. But the dog-owning ladies in Dickens's stories had pet dogs because they loved them, not for show, but for friendly companionship.

Certainly " Diogenes " was no toy show pet ! " A great, hoarse, shaggy dog chained up at the back of Dr. Blimber's house," when we are first introduced to him by Dickens, and at first the terror of little Paul Dombey's life, but soon an object for his friendship and afterwards the friend and comfort of his lonely little sister. " As unlike a lady's dog as dog might be," we are told when he is brought by Mr. Toots to Florence, in a hackney cabriolet, into which he had been ensnared on a false pretence of rats among the straw. For all his devotion to Florence, we are glad to find it was a case of " love me, love my mistress's maid," and although Diogenes, mistaking Mr. Toots for a foe, in the twinkling of an eye had him by the leg, and held on to his pantaloons, as if they had been provided as a dainty morsel for his entertainment, yet " the dog from Brighton " gradually became, according to his mistress's testimony, " very good tempered and very much the pet of that breezy personage, Miss Susan Nipper." We are also glad to find that though Diogenes at first objected to the admission of Edith Dombey " he soon appeared to comprehend that with the most amiable intentions, he had made one of those mistakes which will occasionally arise in the best regulated dog's mind " ; as a friendly apology for which he stuck himself up on end, between the two, in a very hot place, in front of the fire, and sat panting at it with his tongue out and a most imbecile expression of countenance listening to the conversation. And we are glad to find as a proof of the common sense of our canine friends that he snapped at Mrs. Pipchin's bombazine skirts, and tried vainly to follow the cab in which Susan Nipper departed from the Dombey establishment, accompanied by Mr. Toots, to whom she afterwards became " the only person " to stand between him and the silent tomb, and console him for the loss of Florence, when he became, as he told Captain Cuttle, " a blighted flower." And the last we see of him in his old age, is on the sea-beach with a young lady and a white-haired gentleman and two children, and at last Mr. Dombey and Diogenes have made friends, because of a little boy who was long ago the son of one and the friend of the other.

Another lady's pet to whom Dickens introduces us is a very different

type. I am quite sure Dora would have been terribly afraid of Diogenes and I am certain Florence Dombey would never have appreciated Jip who really plays a most important part in the history of *David Copperfield*, and helps to show us the thoughts and feelings of that little bit of irresponsible, but lovable, fluff who became his "child-wife." Though so tiny, Jip may be said to have played, in queer, canine fashion the part of the dignified and solemn chorus in a Greek drama. The little creature is a sort of confidant of his mistress's real meanings and moods, and she finds it far easier to talk to him than to David, with whom she is at first as bashful and shy as was considered fitting for most young ladies when wooing and wedding were more serious businesses than they seem to be to the Bright Young People of to-day. In only one particular did Jip resemble Diogenes; he was exceedingly jealous and ready to attack his mistress's admirers. He did not welcome David's advances, though, as that love-sick youth relates, "I approached him tenderly, for I loved even him, but he showed his whole set of teeth, got under a chair expressly to snarl and wouldn't hear of the least familiarity." And later on, when David had mustered up courage actually to propose to Dora, it must have been somewhat disconcerting to have Jip "barking madly all the time." Still later, when the loss of Miss Trotwood's money obliges him to discuss a future in which strict economy must be practised, Dora shows how little she understands about ways and means when she asserts "I don't want to hear any more about crusts, and Jip *must* have a mutton chop every day, at twelve, or he'll die." These words make one pretty certain that the original of Jip was probably a pet dog called "Daphne," owned by Maria Beadnell, Dickens's first love, for in a poem called "The Bill of Fare," we are told that she "would eat mutton chops if you cut off the fat." Jip's comfort apparently was more considered than that of mere human beings, for when the furniture for Mr. and Mrs. Copperfield's future home was being chosen, Dora preferred a Chinese house with little bells on the top for Jip, to a kitchen fender and meat screen; and the principal use to which David's well-meant gift of a cookery book was devoted, was being put in the corner for Jip to stand on! It was Jip who took the part filled by Fanny Squeers for Mr. and Mrs. John Browdie, and went with David and Dora on their honeymoon as a sort of four-footed attendant bride's maid. When Dora really took possession of the keys and started to play at housekeeping, those keys seldom served for anything but playthings for Jip—from a serious talk on domestic service "she broke into a merry laugh, and sprang away to put on her pet's new collar." But Jip improves as Dora's health gradually leaves her, and he is friendly with David, knowing in some queer way that they share a common fear, a common sorrow. He is never tolerant of Miss Trotwood, who has long courted him in vain. When Dora remarks to her that "Jip is getting quite slow and lazy," that lady replies kindly, that he is suffering from old age, "he must have a piece of flannel in his house this winter. But, bless the little dog! if he had as many lives as a cat, and was on the point of losing them all, he'd

bark at me with his last breath I believe." And he really was defying David's aunt to such a furious extent that he barked till he fell over sideways. "The more she looked at him the more he reproached her. She had lately taken to spectacles and for some reason he considered the glasses personal." But he would forget everyone but his little mistress when David carried her upstairs at night, and Miss Trotwood trudged after, a moving mass of shawls and pillows, with Mr. Dick as candle bearer, and Jip barking and capering round, looking back on the landing and breathing short, to see that they were coming. And the last night of Dora's short life was also the last for Jip. He and his master are alone. "His Chinese house is by the fire, and he lies within it, querulously trying to sleep, I sit thinking of every little trifle between me and Dora—would it have been better if we had loved each other as a boy and girl and forgotten it ?—How the time wears I know not —until I am recalled to my child-wife's old companion. More restless than he was, he crawls out of his house and looks at me, and wanders to the door, and whines to go upstairs. 'Not to-night, Jip ! not to-night ! Oh, Jip ! it may be never again !' He comes very slowly back to me, licks my hand and lifts his dim eyes to my face. He lies down at my feet, stretches himself out as if to sleep, and with a plaintive cry, is dead."

The terrible tragedy of Augustus, which was a prominent episode at the first meeting of the "Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Everything," must have a special interest for any "Animals Friend"; the facts are briefly these. Professors Muff and Nogo immediately on their arrival at the "Pig and Tinder Box" sent for the Head Waiter and requested him to purchase a live dog –as cheap a one as possible—and send him up after dinner with a pie board, a knife and a fork and a clean plate. The animal was procured, "a pug dog of rather intelligent appearance, in good condition, with very short legs." I will spare you the harrowing details that follow, and pass on to the closing scene when "an unmarried lady resident of 'Mudfog' rushed distractedly into the street calling in the most heart-rending tones upon the passers-by to restore her 'Augustus,' the deceased having been thus named in affectionate remembrance of a former lover of his mistress, to whom he bore a striking resemblance." Some instinct or inclination directed the lady to the "Pig and Tinder Box" where she arrived at the very instant when his remains were being borne through the passage on a tray. "Her shrieks," says the Reporter, "still reverberate in my ears, and the expressive features of Professor Muff were much scratched and lacerated by the injured lady; and Professor Nogo, besides sustaining several severe bites, has lost some handfuls of hair from the same cause. . . . The unfortunate lady remains at the hotel and is reported in a very precarious state. The catastrophe has cast a damp over our exhilaration, enhanced by the amiable qualities of the deceased animal who appears to have been much and deservedly respected by the whole of his acquaintances." I think in those last words we get a glimpse of Dickens's appreciation of the fact that all dogs are *not*

worthy of respect, and differ in character almost as much as human beings. Also, if you read the sketch for yourselves you will be quite sure that had there been an "Anti-vivisection" Society in his day, Dickens would have joined it.

But we must not linger longer among those dogs who belong to the "Upper Ten" of the canine creation. Those lucky dogs whose "daily mutton chop," or its equivalent, is never missing, and who—some of them—seem to think they play a sufficient part in life by giving to lonely people an object for their care and attention and preventing them from becoming entirely self-centred. We must let our guide show us the Class of Working Dogs—I suppose, though, Poodles, the first on my list, might claim to belong to the Professional Classes, if we allow such a nice distinction. We are introduced to him in an article, *A Small Star in the East*, published in *All the year Round* in 1869, an ugly little waif, found one day in an almost dying condition at the door of the East London Children's Hospital. He was taken in and cared for and seems, on recovery, to have joined the hospital staff, for our guide tells us, "he wears on his neck a collar presented by an admirer of his mental endowments, bearing the legend: 'Judge not Poodles by his appearance.' I find him making the round of the beds like a house surgeon, attended by another dog, a friend, who appeared to trot about with him in the character of a 'pupil-dresser.' Poodles is anxious to make me known to a pretty little girl who has had her leg taken off for cancer of the knee. 'A difficult operation,' Poodles intimates, wagging his tail on the counterpane, 'but perfectly successful, as you see, dear sir,' and the small patient, patting Poodles, adds with a smile, 'the leg was so much trouble to me that I'm glad it's gone.' I never saw anything in doggery finer than Poodles' deportment, when another little girl opens her mouth to show an enlargement of the tongue. By this time he is on a table, to be on a level with the case, and he looks at the tongue with his own sympathetically stuck out, so very gravely and knowingly, that I feel inclined to put my hand in my waistcoat pocket and give him a guinea wrapped in paper." I am sure both "Dr. Poodles" and Dickens would be delighted to learn that a few weeks ago a legacy of £10,000 was left to the hospital in which they were so much interested; but perhaps they *have* been told, by one of the children's guardian angels!

Still another "professional" dog we find in *Hard Times*. Signor Jupe's highly-trained performing dog, Merrylegs. Like all Dickens's doggy characters, he plays his own part in the story as perfectly as he played it in the circus, and when we are nearing the end, we are convinced that Mr. Sleary, the circus-master, is right when he remarks to the changed and penitent father of Tom and Louisa, "You don't need to be told that dogs is wonderful animals."

Another purveyor of public entertainment, Jerry, joins Little Nell and her grandfather and those funny fellows Codlin and Short while they are waiting for supper at "The Jolly Sandboys" on one of the nights of their tramping flight from London. His was not a very gay company, these four-footed strolling players. "Four very dismal

dogs came pattering in, one after the other, headed by an old bandy-legged dog of particularly mournful aspect, who stopped when the last of his followers had got as far as the door, erected himself on his hind legs and looked round at his companions who immediately stood on *their* hind legs in a grave and melancholy row. . . . Each wore a little coat of some gaudy colour trimmed with tarnished spangles; one had a cap on his head tied carefully under his chin, which had fallen on his nose and completely obscured one eye. The gaudy coats were splashed with rain and wet through, but—their master being behind-hand, they stood patiently waiting, looking hard at the boiling pot, till Jerry appeared, when they dropped into a normal position." They were *very* hungry these poor little tramps and we feel very sorry for them as Nell did and especially for the one who had lost a halfpenny and was set to grind out the Old Hundredth on the barrel organ that formed the orchestra of the troupe, while the dogs who were not in disgrace fared sumptuously, and only expressed his feelings by a short howl when an unusually large piece of fat was given to one of his fellows.

As Bill Sikes was a professional burglar I suppose his dog, Bullseye, belonged to that class, but his story is too sad to dwell on. We must consider the Cheap Jack's dog who figures in *Dr. Marigold* as belonging to the strictly "working classes," as did Boxer, to whom we are introduced in *The Cricket on the Hearth*. Dr. Marigold's dog travelled with the caravan, "with the large goods hung outside, and a fireplace for cold weather inside," and unfortunately, a wife *with a temper*. That dog knew before his master when the temper was going to break out and would give a howl and bolt. "How he knew it," says the poor man, "was a mystery to me but the sure and certain knowledge of it would wake him out of the soundest sleep and he'd bolt. I often wished I was him." Certainly the Cheap Jack would have agreed with Mr. Sleary that "dogs is wonderful animals."

III.

But we must leave the tale of what I may call Dickens's performing dogs in general, to visit those who were at one time or another members of his family. In his letters to his oldest friend, Thomas Beard, he has much to say of Timber, a small, white, shaggy terrier, given to him on his first visit to America, originally known as Timber Doodle. The name was changed by his new master to 'Snittle Timberry' as being more sonorous and expressive. But evidently an abbreviation was found more useful for as Timber only he figures in the letters. He became a great favourite and accompanied the family on visits to English seaside resorts and even to France and Switzerland, for years. Writing of "Timber" the aged, from Broadstairs, Dickens says, "Timber sends his compliments. He has given up all idea of handing down his name and race, and usually sits with his fore legs a little bowed, very wide apart, and his head apparently nailed by his left ear to the kitchen door."

It was after Charles Dickens had made a home at Gad's Hill, that

Dickens and his dogs

*From a photograph by Watkins*

"family dogs" became a necessity as well as a pleasure. In that part of Kent there were many undesirable vagrants on the road. "But it was sufficient for a tramp to cast his eye over the stable yard to be convinced," says George Dolby in *Dickens as I Knew Him*, "that it would be prudent not to enquire further." Four or five big dogs of the mastiff or Newfoundland breed, attached to chains long enough to cover any portion of the yard, acted as a deterrent for any stranger of the beggar class, for the animals hated rags as do most dogs. But these dogs were perfectly trained. They never forgot a visitor to whom they had been properly introduced, and he or she was allowed to go in and out of the house as though the dogs had known him or her all their lives. So it was as much the duty of the host to introduce his guests to the dogs, as it was to introduce a stranger to his family. Thus the hospitality at "Gad's" included the stable yard; and it was a curious thing to notice the retentiveness of memory on the part of the dogs, except the ferocious Sultan, who was always kept muzzled.

Sultan, given to Dickens by Percy Fitzgerald, is the one bad dog I have discovered among those "family dogs." He was an Irish Mastiff, a most ferocious beast, and the only person who could control him was his master who, of course, could not be always on the spot. He was, alas, a confirmed criminal and was once arrested by order of the commanding officer, after breaking his chain and attacking a regiment of soldiers, on the way to Gravesend. Dickens always maintained that he was a Fenian as he attacked, even muzzled, anything in a British uniform. He only escaped instant execution at that time because the officer was often a visitor at Gad's Hill. Sultan was on this occasion merely deported to his own stable yard. It was not till after he had killed, and presumably eaten, a favourite kitten (the remains having vanished), very nearly swallowed "Mrs. Bouncer," Miss Dickens's favourite white Pomeranian, and attacked and badly frightened a little girl, that Sultan's doom was sealed. Dickens was very sorry to have to part with such a handsome beast in the cause of law and order, and he tells the story in a way that makes us sorry for both dog and master. "Strict injunctions were given that the public were to be excluded from the execution and even those in the house were not to know the hour when a procession was formed, consisting of half a dozen men and boys from the stables and garden, a wheelbarrow and a gun. The dog evidently thought, in the blood-thirstiness of his nature, that they were going to kill someone or something else; and it was only when he had gone about half way across the large field at the back of the house that his eye rested on the wheelbarrow with a gun in it. It seemed to strike him that there was something wrong, and he became depressed, looked steadfastly at the gardener and then walked to the place of execution with his head down. Arrived at the far corner of the field, one of the boys threw a stone into the hedge and as Sultan's attention was thus diverted two barrels were discharged into his heart, and he died without struggle or cry, deeply regretted by his loving master, the only friend he had."

Personally I have no use for a dog who is only friendly to one human being, and should have preferred another of the family, Bumble, who was well trained and obedient, except that he would leave his master on a long walk, when about two miles from home and race back as fast as possible, probably in the hope of getting his own dinner and the other dog's as well. He was cured of this trick by Dickens, to whom it occurred one day that he would give him a strong dose of castor oil, after castigating him severely. Next day Bumble was very ill and could not take his meals—but he never ran away again.

It will be noticed that Dickens anticipated by more than three-quarters of a century one of the methods employed by Mussolini to bring recalcitrant citizens to heel ! It was Bumble through whom I can claim a very real link with the great author, otherwise only known to me by sight, for Bumble the Reformed became a parent, and through his son, Chops, the grandfather of the puppies with whom I played in the hay at Ross. Sultan's successor in the stable yard was Don, a grand Newfoundland, presented by Frederic Lehmann, who, being wedded to Linda, became the father of the convert of the castor oil, and another son, who, with Mrs. Bouncer, the white Pomeranian, always hurried to meet the master, when he returned from a journey. It was Don and Linda and their children who were his faithful companions on some of the last walks he ever took. It is good to read that when, owing to a frost-bitten foot he could only walk very slowly, their usually boisterous spirits were subdued, and they crept along at his slow pace, never turning from him but looking up into his face with silent sympathy. Linda's resting place is under a cedar tree at Gad's Hill. Where others of his doggy family rest I know not. But I have sometimes thought that, as we often see a "faithful hound" carved in stone, on the grave of a knight or lady of olden days, it would not have been unfitting had some memorial of Dickens's many four-footed friends been placed on the stone which marks the last resting place in the great Abbey of one whose sympathies were with the 'underdog,' and who was ever ready to use voice and pen in helping "lame dogs over stiles," in the widest sense of the words, such an one as Coleridge describes, when he says,

> "He prayeth best who loveth best,
> All things both great and small,
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

## DICKENS CHRISTMAS CARDS

The recent enormous sales of sets of Dickens has doubtless been responsible for increased activity among the manufacturers of Christmas Cards. Already we have seen twelve new designs, and these and others will be on sale at the Dickens House. Please make as many purchases as possible of Dickens Books and Dickens Christmas Cards from the Dickens House. The prices are the same as in the shops, and the profit is devoted to the Dickens House fund, which is much in need of augmentation at the present time.

# ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

IN reviewing the work of the Fellowship for the past year it is gratifying to learn from branch reports to hand that, notwithstanding the economic conditions which in some cases have affected the membership, the interest generally is well sustained and excellent programmes have been carried out successfully. In fact, the activities of the Fellowship seem to have been intensified in spite of the difficulties that have confronted many of the branches, and more money for charitable purposes has been raised than ever before. It is impossible to go into details, but the establishment and maintenance of Tiny Tim cots, the assistance given to pageants and carnivals, in aid of hospitals, and the provision of teas and parties for children have occupied the time and attention of many of our members. Much has also been done to alleviate the hardship consequent upon unemployment in many centres. The Fellowship thus justifies its existence by endeavouring " to spread the love of humanity " which is the keynote of all Dickens's works.

It is with much regret that the Council reports that during the year four branches, having ceased to function, have been deleted from our list ; these are Cinderford, which has been in existence 15 years, Ilford, 3 years, Stockport, 29 years, and Gold Coast, 9 years. It is hoped, however, that in the cases of Cinderford and Stockport the work may be taken up again in the Autumn.

Against these losses the Council is happy to report that flourishing branches have been established at Edgware and Wellington (New Zealand) so that to-day there are 40 home and 35 overseas branches, a total of 75 as against 77 last year but with prospective branches being formed at Preston, Newcastle (Ontario), and in Ceylon.

It is noted with satisfaction that more and more branches are conforming to the rule passed at Conference and with but few exceptions, the book for the year is adopted. It is hoped that those branches that hitherto have not done so may fall into line during the coming session. The same remarks apply to the numbering of branches.

During the past year a costume department has been established at Headquarters under the supervision of the Assistant Secretary, Miss Minards, ably assisted by Mrs. Bacon as chief designer of dresses This bids fair to be a very successful venture. At the Christmas Party, 21 of the costumes were supplied by the department and three took prizes under the judgment of Sir John Martin-Harvey. At present, 47 costumes are available for hire at very reasonable charges.

The Regional Group Scheme, inaugurated two years ago, is gradually taking shape.

During the year twelve Charters have been issued to branches where the original Charter could not be traced. There are still however, a number of branches that have not supplied the information asked for by Headquarters eighteen months ago, viz. whether the Charter issued to the Branch is still in existence. Every branch should

have its Charter in evidence and we shall be only too pleased to issue Duplicate Charters to such branches as are not now in possession of the original.

The badge recommended by the Council has met with almost universal approval and upward of 3000 have already been issued.

Congratulations are extended to the Redditch Branch which celebrated its coming of age last autumn when representatives from London, Birmingham and Nottingham attended the Dinner in honour of the occasion.

The Conference last year at Rochester created a record in the matter of attendance, a total of 211 delegates answering the roll call, but this is not to be wondered at seeing that Rochester and the district are so rich in Dickensian association. The many functions that took place have been fully recorded in the pages of our magazine. The Delegates spent four very full and happy days following out a delightful programme provided by the Rochester Branch, supported by the City Officials.

The Fellowship has suffered considerable loss during the year by the passing of a number of prominent Dickensians. The Fellowship is the poorer for the passing of these friends and workers and we pay respectful tribute to their memories.

The Council desires to place on record its high appreciation of the services of the President, Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, who retires from his term of office in September next. His interest in the affairs of the Fellowship has been keen and hearty, he has discharged the duties devolving upon him with a gracious geniality of spirit and worthily maintained the traditions of the Presidential Chair. His speeches at various functions have revealed the depth of his love for Dickens, and his knowledge of the work of the Fellowship. His absence at the Dinner to-night, on account of the death of a brother with whom he lived, will be regretted by the whole Conference.

The Council has met four times during the year. 21 branches have sent representatives to one or more of the meetings. The total attendance was 98, of which 64 were by branch representatives, a marked improvement on previous years, and we welcome this sign of growing interest in the work of the Council. We need all the help we can get in our deliberations, to make the Fellowship a living and vital force and to realise the first aim set forth in our constitution. The interest in Dickens has been greatly stimulated by the issue of sets of his works by several of the daily papers to their readers which will probably result in an addition to our membership in the near future, and, to quote the Chairman's address at the Conference last year, " not until we have stretched out hands of Fellowship to all our neighbours and are able to link arms in a chain pattern from Land's End to Berwick on Tweed and from Dover to Gretna Green shall we have cause for complacency or have achieved the aim of the Fellowship to foster the love of Dickens throughout our land."

On behalf of the Council,

A. W. Edwards, *Hon. Secretary.*

# THE DICKENS

## Dr. INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

| EXPENDITURE. | £ s. d. | £ s. d. | £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| To Rent (including Insurance, Lighting and Heating), and Rates | .. .. | 77 14 7 | |
| ,, Printing and Stationery | .. .. | 33 4 1 | |
| ,, Salaries | 278 0 0 | | |
| *Less* Contributed by Dickens House | 113 0 0 | | |
| | 165 0 0 | | |
| ,, General Expenses and Postage | 122 18 3½ | | |
| | 287 18 3½ | | |
| *Less* amount charged to *The Dickensian* | 85 4 5 | | |
| | | 202 13 10½ | 313 12 6½ |
| ,, *The Dickensian* supplied to Headquarters' Members | | 92 11 0 | |
| Ditto Branch Secretaries | | 11 11 0 | |
| | | | 104 2 0 |
| ,, Meetings | | 42 1 2½ | |
| *Less* Excess of Receipts over Payments in respect of Special Functions | | 36 3 2 | |
| | | 5 18 0½ | |
| ,, Essay Competition Prizes | | 3 5 0 | |
| | | | 9 3 0½ |
| ,, Charitable and Philanthropic Expenditure— | | | |
| Donation to Cot Fund | | 15 15 0 | |
| Donation to The Dickens House (Birthday Recital Collection) | | 8 13 0 | |
| Sundry Donations, Toys, Christmas Entertainments Account | | 33 17 3 | |
| | | | 58 5 3 |
| ,, Depreciation—Library, Pictures and Furniture | | | 6 19 9 |
| ,, *Loss on The Dickensian for the year to 30th November*, 1932 | | 8 19 8 | |
| *Add* Income Tax on Profit for fiscal year 1932-33 based on the profit for year to 30th November, 1931 | | 9 10 0 | |
| | | | 18 9 8 |
| | | | £510 12 3 |

## BALANCE SHEET

| LIABILITIES. | £ s. d. | £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|
| Sundry Creditors | .. .. | 1 1 0 |
| Amount due to *The Dickensian* Account | .. .. | 30 12 5 |
| Life Membership Fund— | | |
| As at 31st March, 1932 | 189 0 0 | |
| Subscriptions received during year | 26 5 0 | |
| | | 215 5 0 |
| Badges Account | .. .. | 11 16 6 |
| Income and Expenditure Account— | | |
| Balance as at 1st April, 1932 | 537 8 11 | |
| *Deduct* Excess of Expenditure over Income for the year ended 31st March, 1933 | 29 18 2 | |
| | | 507 10 9 |
| | | £766 5 8 |

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers of the verified the Investments.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2. 10*th May*, 1933.

# FELLOWSHIP

## FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st MARCH, 1933. Cr.

| INCOME. | £ s. d. | £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|
| By Subscriptions— | | |
| Headquarters' Members | 325 19 2 | |
| Branches | 119 14 11 | |
| Interest on Investment of Life Membership Fund (less tax) | 6 8 4 | |
| | | 452 2 5 |
| „ Receipts for Charity— | | |
| Sundry Donations, etc. | 16 9 6 | |
| Collection at Birthday Recital on behalf of The Dickens House | 8 13 0 | |
| Interest on 4 per cent. Consols | 4 14 6 | |
| *Less* Income Tax | 1 5 4 | |
| | 3 9 2 | |
| | | 28 11 8 |
| „ Balance, being Excess of Expenditure over Income, carried to Balance Sheet | | 29 18 2 |
| | | £510 12 3 |

NOTE.—Subscriptions due from Branches but remaining unpaid have not been brought into account.

## AS AT 31st MARCH, 1933.

| ASSETS. | £ s. d. | £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|
| Life Membership Fund Investment, at cost— | | |
| As at 31st March, 1932 £213 15 0 4% Consols | 189 0 0 | |
| Purchased during year 23 16 8 do. | 26 5 0 | |
| 237 11 8 | | 215 5 0 |
| (Market Value at 31st March, 1933, £259 11s. 2d.) | | |
| Investment of Special Donation, at cost— | | |
| £118 5s. 10d. 4% Consols | | 105 0 0 |
| (Market Value at 31st March, 1933, £129 4s. 8d.) | | |
| Library, Pictures and Furniture (including items loaned to Dickens House Museum and Library):— | | |
| As at 31st March, 1932 | 67 14 7 | |
| Purchased during year | 2 3 0 | |
| | 69 17 7 | |
| *Less* Depreciation at 10% | 6 19 9 | |
| | | 62 17 10 |
| Loan to Dickens House | | 150 0 0 |
| Balance—at Bank | | 218 19 11 |
| Cash in hands of Honorary Secretary | | 12 12 11 |
| Payment in advance | | 1 10 0 |
| | | £766 5 8 |

Dickens Fellowship and certify the same to be in accordance therewith. We have also

(*Signed*) WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, Chartered Accountants,
*Hon. Auditors.*

# A STRANGE STORY OF THE DICKENS HOUSE

*"Ours is a nice 'ouse ours is!"*

AS old houses go, nowadays, The Dickens House is not what you'd call an old house. Just how long ago it was built I cannot tell you, but the house is certainly a centenarian. For the first tenant of 48 Doughty Street was not Charles Dickens, who, with his young wife, their baby of a few weeks, his younger brother and her youngest sister "moved in" 96 years ago last March and became the occupants of our nice house.

Death, following hard upon the heels of the new tenants, had claimed one—Mary Hogarth—almost before the door had closed behind them.

Suppose that as they crossed the threshold, an old woman, wrinkled and wise, had encountered the party and had volunteered truly to tell their varied fortunes! With what amazed astonishment would each have listened to her story? Joy and sorrow, despair and hope, failure and success were to be so strangely intertwined for most of them. But surely the peak point of their surprise would have been reached when the witch's tale arrived at the present day. Was it possible that within less than 100 years the rather commonplace little dwelling that they were then on the point of entering would be well known throughout the world by the young author's name? That the house would be sought out by thousands of visitors each year from home and foreign parts merely because *he* had once tenanted it? That the house would have become the Headquarters of a Society—nay, of a Fellowship—owing its existence and owning allegiance solely to him and to what he was yet to write either in that house or elsewhere. A Fellowship with successful branches radiating out from that house as a centre all over the civilized world? Was it possible what the wrinkled old woman was telling them?

But don't let us keep young Dickens and his party waiting in the passage expressing incredulous wonder to the old witch woman. Let us offer to shew the new tenant—now endowed shall we say by the witch with posthumous foresight—let us offer to shew him over his new home. We shan't have time to go all over the house, small as it is, so let us go straight to the study on the first floor back and proudly call the young author's attention to the copies of the books which he is going to write there. They are all first editions, of considerable value, and any of these books might have been the masterpiece of a lesser genius, but were to be merely the foundations of the fame of this young author. On the wall he will see portraits of himself at various ages and in strange attire and attitudes. In that case there are some of his letters to his friends and others which, when later on they come to be written, the recipients will be proud to keep and to pass on to their posterity.

The study is a small room at the back of the house which opens out

of a larger room with two long windows giving a view over Doughty Street. Perhaps he is thinking that it will look well enough as the drawing-room of Mrs. Dickens.

Step into this larger room, Mr. Dickens, and cast your eye over the large number of books that it contains. As you see, it is used now as a Library. Those books on the shelves on your right there, came here from the Guildhall in the City, with which of course you are very familiar. The rest of the shelves in the room contain what is known as "the Matz Collection." You don't recall the name of Matz, you say, who was he? Why no, of course. But "who will be Matz" is really the question that you should put from your present position on Time's escalator. Matz was, or will be, an intense admirer of yours, a friend of that dear old lady your daughter Kate (who has yet to be born in this house) and of a younger son of yours whom you will christen Henry Fielding Dickens. Matz may be called one of your biographers and a founder of your Fellowship.

Yes, that is correct. All those many books that fill those shelves are by you or about you. Here are all your published writings in many editions and in several languages; for your words are to go out to the ends of the world and to be eloquent to peoples with whom you could not have conversed yourself. Here too are books and books about your tastes and habits, your friends and homes, your enemies and foibles, your pets and travels.

That object in a large case there in the centre of the wall? Oh, that is your reading desk made to your own design. It is to accompany you even to America. What in the world is to take you to the States you ask? Why, you must know then, that you are to tour these islands and the Continent of America reading dramatically from your own works to enthusiastic and overcrowded houses. Here, alongside the original desk, is your own drawing for the design of it, and here is a reproduction of that drawing in the current *Dickensian*.

You say that you have noticed, lettered in gold, the name *The Dickensian* on some 20 or 30 volumes bound in red, and that you wish to know the meaning of this use of your name? Why, *The Dickensian* is a Quarterly Magazine which has regularly appeared now without a break for twenty-nine years and which is exactly what it is described on the title page "A Quarterly Dickens" and a "Magazine for Lovers."* Our mutual friend Matz was the first Editor. Physically Matz was a man somewhat short of stature and his mantle of Elijah is now more than adequately filled by the capable Elisha who has succeeded him and to whom I am sure you need no introduction—here is Mr. Walter Dexter!

Did I hear you ejaculate "Marvellous," Mr. Dickens? Marvellous indeed it is—or rather *you* are, Mr. Dickens. All that you see and much more—for I've not the time nor the tongue to tell you one-tenth of the truth, Mr. Dickens—every bit of it is *your own* work and *your own* Memorial. A Memorial after your own heart in the veritable sense of the words that your own pen will write hereafter in your own Will.

* This is, of course, how "the caretaker" reads it.—EDITOR.

"I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country, upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends, upon their experience of me in addition thereto."

Your personal friends whom you knew in your lifetime have obeyed your injunction to the letter; your country has read and re-read your published works and is still reading them, so that the large but limited circle of your personal friends has expanded and now embraces millions of readers.

Permanently to preserve your published works, in the house where many of them were written, for the benefit of your reader-friends and of their posterity, you'll agree, I hope, Mr. Dickens, that that will be a memorial after your own heart in the veritable sense of the words that you are going to put in your Will? "Of course!" We thought you'd say that, but thank you for saying it all the same.

Your time is now up and you must be going? Well, thank you very much for coming. Before you leave, would you mind?—just another specimen of that famous flourish in our Visitors' Book. We have several specimens already in the House, of course, but apart from the fact that one can't have too many, there is a small charge of one shilling which I'm afraid we shall have to ask even of you—but of course if you care to join our—I beg your pardon, *your*—Fellowship, you can come at half-price as often as you like. You will? That's splendid. Whilst Miss Minards is making out your membership card, perhaps you'd care to see our Sales display room? It makes quite a good show, does it not? I am glad that you agree, because the staff work very hard to make it attractive to visitors; and, to let you into a secret, sales are falling off a bit just now. Visitors, too? Yes, I'm afraid so. You ask if that makes us anxious? It certainly does. You see, we depend very largely upon fees and sales to help us to keep your House as it should be kept and to keep it open. Entrance fees fell by £20 17s. and Miss Minards tells me that we shall certainly not cover this year's expenditure. I beg your pardon, Mr. Dickens? Oh, I see. No, I did not mean that at all. The falling off of visitors has nothing to do with any loss of *your* popularity. That is on the upgrade as you'd agree if you'd seen the newspapers the other day competing to sell your works by mass production. The trouble is just the world depression and particularly the slump in America. Eh? I should just think they did! Visitors from the States used to be one of our principal sources of revenue and, naturally, they were especially good customers for souvenirs. The American public, like our own, adores you, Mr. Dickens.

No, you are quite right, this display room is not really in *your* house at all. It has been opened from No. 49 next door which also belongs to the Trustees of *your* house. The rest of No. 49 has recently been altered at considerable expense to the Trustees and is let off in offices and so on and the rents will be added to the fees and sales money and go towards the expenses of administration. It was estimated that the

rearrangement of No. 49 would better the income of the Trustees by some £80 a year, but I understand that if entrance fees and sales continue to drop, or keep as low as they have done this year, the extra revenue in rent will be swallowed up in running expenses. The overhead charges include, you see, £50 a year which your Trustees are pledged to repay to your Fellowship, whose members made a loan free of interest to enable No. 49 to be altered and a further £50 a year which the Trustees are bound to pay in reduction of the mortgage of £1200 secured on No. 49. But a full explanation of the financing of your Memorial would take rather a long time, so I won't inflict any more of it upon you Mr. Dickens. However, if you are able to join us at the Annual Conference at Blackpool this year, they'll answer any questions you care to ask about it. *Do* come, Mr. Dickens. We always have the jolliest times at these Conferences and Blackpool has got out a splendid programme which I am sure would be after your own heart. So be sure and join us there in June if you possibly can. Till then, Mr. Dickens. Till then. PERHAPS THE CARETAKER.

# DICKENS THE MISSIONARY

## THE BISHOP OF SHEFFIELD'S SERMON AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY

A STRIKING tribute was paid to Dickens in a special sermon preached by the Bishop of Sheffield (Dr. Burrows) in Westminster Abbey on Sunday evening, 11th June, to commemorate the sixty-third anniversary of the death of Dickens. Taking for his text, " Finally, Brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report ; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Phil. 4, 8 ; and referring to S. Barnabas as the true Missionary, caring for the poor and relieving distress, not only concerned with the doctrines of the faith but carrying them into practice, the Bishop went on to say :

" It is certainly true to say that nowhere in this country could we find a more illuminating example of the divine message of the text than in the famous Church in which we are worshipping to-night. It stands as the permanent witness that, at any rate, the National Church of England has not lost sight of the Catholic nature of the Kingdom of God. Here, those are remembered who have contributed in their generation to whatsoever things are true, and just, and pure, and righteous and lovely. Their lives were very different ; their opinions were different ; their work ranged over the whole field of human endeavour. All had the defects of their qualities, but all left something of value for us to think of.

" To-night I have been asked to commemorate *one* of those famous Englishmen whose grave is within these walls.—It was on June 14th, 1870, when Charles Dickens was laid to rest. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley was then Dean. In a letter a few days afterwards, he writes of his funeral : ' There was a constant pressure on the spot, and many flowers

were strewn on it by unknown hands, many tears shed from unknown eyes.' What was it, and what is it which explains the power and influence of Charles Dickens, not only in England and America, but far beyond in other countries with other languages ? Many there are who would lay stress and rightly on the fact that he was so entirely *English* that he was able to interpret our people not only to themselves but to others who are puzzled by our faults and peculiarities ; many would dwell on his unique sense of *humour*, which has made the sayings of his best-known characters live in the minds of our people ever since, a humour free from any trace of impure or profane suggestion, a dramatic humour, born actor as he was. Others would speak of his *creative genius*. Many are the essays which have emphasised that great gift of his—Hutton and Ainger, Goss and Saintsbury, and, in my judgment, best of all—a living writer—Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. The best proof of his power of creating characters is the fact that at least twenty of Dickens's characters are quoted as household words sometimes by people who have not read his novels. There are still many children who connect Dickens with stories of Christmas—the old-fashioned ideas of Christmas before the coming of the motor car and the modern hotel.

" But to-night, in this House of God, it is right to direct your thoughts to what I believe, more than any of those I have mentioned, are the reasons why we still commemorate this writer and why it is fitting that we should think for a few minutes on the more distinctly religious contribution which he made to our national life.

" And first let me speak of the way he carried out the words of the text. If ever there was a man who could say *nihil humani alienum puto* it was Charles Dickens. He was free from any narrowness of outlook ; he was what people call now ' so entirely human '—whatsoever things were true, or just, or lovely. Though brought up in the narrowest circumstances, and living under many disadvantages, bringing out his stories in monthly parts, tied down by exigency of time and space, he was wonderfully broad in his sympathies and emotions. His dislike of professionalism, whether in the spheres of law, medicine, or the ministry of the Church, was, I think, really due to that. He scorned barriers and he loved freedom. It is customary in these days to speak disparagingly of the intellectual and moral limitations of the Victorian age. It always surprises me that men should thus speak of an age which I believe history will rank with the great Augustan and Elizabethan ages as productive of immortal creations in every sphere of human activity ; certainly in breadth of sympathy and creative genius, we look in vain for a successor to the man we commemorate to-night. Charles Dickens was also a fearless Reformer. He was a home missionary, using his great powers of descriptive humour to lash the hypocrisies and delinquencies which he saw around him. This generation can hardly believe that a school could ever have been like Dotheboys Hall (alas, there is good evidence that there was such an one in Yorkshire) ; or that the Workhouse could ever have been so miserable a place as when Oliver Twist asked for ' more,' or that

imprisonment for debt could produce a Marshalsea, or that nurses could have been represented by Mrs. Gamp, or that the administrations of justice could ever have been so futile, dilatory, and unjust. These things have all been reformed for years, and though there is still room for improvement, Education and Poor Law Institutions, Prisons, and the Law Courts, Government Departments and the profession of nursing, are all a credit to our country rather than a butt for the shafts of sarcasm. No one did more to bring reform about than Charles Dickens. He used the gift of humour which God had given him to get rid of the abuses which were a disgrace to our nation. Nothing kills like ridicule. There is no propaganda so effective or one which permeates in so deadly and ruthless a fashion as the novel which exposes with a fearless truthfulness what everyone knows is wrong, but which no one has the skill to attack effectively. A man who lets the light into the dark habitations of the earth, exposes the hypocrisy and insincerity of those who might be expected to be on the side of justice and righteousness, is a home missionary in the gospel sense of the word, and makes no small contribution to his country's welfare and the advance of the Kingdom of God.

"To the Christian, perhaps, our novelist speaks most surely with the voice of religion because he always upheld the cause of the poor, the destitute and the wronged. He had suffered himself. He understood, as few man have done, 'our lesser Calvaries.' To this age he may seem, from time to time, over-sentimental and emotional. Even if it be so, it is better to err on that side, than to rely on dry statistics or schedules of averages. The human story lingers in the mind. You see the wronged child, you hear the cry of the destitute —you must do something. You say the Psalmist is right:

> The cry of the needy shall not always be forgotten;
> The expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever.

These, then, are some of the reasons why it was right that our novelist should have been laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, and why it is suitable to commemorate his life and work in the House of God.

"It may seem a far cry from S. Barnabas to Charles Dickens, but at least they were alike in that they were really Catholic in their life and sympathies; that they both were missionaries in the highest sense of the word, that they both cared for the poor of this world who are so often rich in the treasures that really count.

"I should not be surprised if, amongst the many ordination sermons preached on this Trinity Sunday, not a few of the preachers took for their text: 'He was a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and many people were added unto the Lord.' S. Barnabas would be a good example for the future minister of the Gospel to follow. The future priests of the Church of England would not do badly if they carried into the work of their parishes the same breadth of sympathy, the same zeal for reform, and the same love of the poor, which characterised the writings of one of the greatest novelists England has ever produced."

# AN INTERESTING UNPUBLISHED LETTER

A LETTER has just come to light written by Dickens in the same year as the publication of *Barnaby Rudge*. It is unusually interesting as its chief theme is the Battle of Waterloo and one woman's terrible suffering and agony at that time.

It will be remembered that the culminating engagement marking the close of the Napoleonic campaigns occurred on June 18th, 1815, near the little village of Waterloo, situated about twelve miles south of Brussels. Colonel Sir William Howe De Lancey, who was serving on Lord Wellington's staff during that memorable event, was severely wounded in the conflict and died a few days later. He and Lady De Lancey had arrived at Brussels only ten days before the great armies clashed.

After the death of her husband, Lady De Lancey wrote a long letter to her brother, Captain Basil Hall, R.N., the well-known author, wherein she vividly described her own tragic experiences during and immediately after the battle. Many years later Captain Hall sent this letter to his friend, Charles Dickens.

It was my recent good fortune to read a copy of Lady De Lancey's letter, this copy being in the hands of a descendant of Colonel De Lancey's. Although written during great mental stress, the narrative is very coherent and tremendously absorbing. It may be a matter of interest to Americans to learn that Sir William Howe De Lancey was born in New York, about 1791, of the well-known family of that name, being a son of Stephen and a grandson of Oliver De Lancey, the latter a loyalist and brigadier-general in His Majesty's service during the Revolutionary War.

I have been permitted to make a transcript from a copy of Dickens's letter to Captain Hall, which was attached to the De Lancey narrative. With these documents were also photographic reproductions of the first and last pages of the letter in Dickens's handwriting.

WILLIAM CROSBY BENNETT.

" Devonshire Terrace,
Tuesday evening, 16th March, 1841.

My dear Hall—for I see it must be *juniores priores*, and that I must demolish the ice at a blow.

I have not had courage until last night to read Lady De Lancey's narrative, and, but for your letter, I should not have mustered it even then. One glance at it, when, through your kindness, it first arrived, had impressed me with a foreboding of its terrible truth, and I really have shrunk from it in pure lack of heart.

After working at *Barnaby* all day, and wandering about the most wretched and distressful streets for a couple of hours in the evening—searching for some pictures I wanted to build upon—I went at it, at about ten o'clock. To say that the reading that most astonishing and tremendous account has constituted an epoch in my life—that I never shall forget the lightest word of it—that I

cannot throw the impression aside, and never saw anything so real, so touching, and so actually present before my eyes, is nothing. I am husband and wife, dead man and living woman, Emma and General Dundas, doctor and bedstead—everything and everybody (but the Prussian officer—damn him) all in one. What I have always looked upon as masterpieces of powerful and affecting description seem as nothing in my eyes. If I live for fifty years, I shall dream of it every now and then, from this hour to the day of my death, with the most frightful reality. The slightest mention of a battle will bring the whole thing before me. I shall never think of the Duke any more but as he stood in his shirt with the officer in full-dress uniform, or as he dismounted from his horse when the gallant man was struck down.

It is a striking proof of the power of that most extraordinary man, Defoe, that I seem to recognise in every line of the narrative something of him. Has this occurred to you ? The going to Waterloo with that unconsciousness of everything in the road but the obstacles to getting on—the shutting herself up in her room and determining not to hear—the not going to the door when the knocking came—the finding out by her wild spirits when she heard he was safe, how much she had feared when in doubt and anxiety—the desperate desire to move towards him—the whole description of the cottage, and its condition ; and their daily shifts and contrivances, and the lying down beside him in the bed and both *falling asleep* ; and his resolving not to serve any more, but to live quietly thenceforth ; and her sorrow when she saw him eating with an appetite, so soon before his death ; and his death itself—all these are matters of truth, which only that astonishing creature, as I think, could have told in fiction.

Of all the beautiful and tender passages—the thinking every day how happy and blessed she was—the decorating him for the dinner—the standing in the balcony at night, and seeing the troops melt away through the gate—and the rejoining him on his sick-bed—I say not a word. They are God's own, and should be sacred. But let me say again, with an earnestness which pen and ink can no more convey than toast and water, in thanking you heartily for the perusal of this paper, that its impression on me never can be told ; and that the ground she travelled (which I know well) is holy ground to me from this day ; and that, please Heaven, I will tread it every foot, this very next summer, to have the softened recollection of this sad story on the very earth where it was acted. You won't smile at this, I know. When my enthusiasms are awakened by such things, they don't wear out.

Have you ever thought within yourself of that part where, having suffered so much by the news of his death, she *will not* believe he is alive ? I should have supposed that unnatural if I had not seen it in fiction.

I shall never dismiss the subject from my mind, but with these hasty and very imperfect words, I shall dismiss it from my paper with two additional remarks—firstly, that Kate has been grievously putting me out by sobbing over it while I have been writing this, and has just retired in an agony of grief, and, secondly, that *if* a time *should* ever come when you would not object to letting a friend copy it for himself, I hope you will bear me in your thoughts.

It seems the poorest nonsense in the world to turn to anything else —that is, seems to me, being fresher in respect of Lady De Lancey than you—but my raven's dead. He had been ailing for a few days, but not seriously, as we thought, and was apparently recovering, when symptoms of relapse occasioned me to send for an eminent medical gentlemen (one Herring, a bird-fancier in the New Road), who promptly attended, and administered a powerful dose of castor-oil. This was on Tuesday last. On Wednesday morning he had another dose of castor-oil, and a teacupful of warm gruel, which he took with great relish, and under the influence of which he so far recovered his spirits as to be enabled to bite the groom severely. At 12 o'clock at noon he took several turns up and down the stable with a grave, sedate air—and suddenly reeled. This made him thoughtful. He stopped directly, shook his head, moved on again, stopped once more, cried in a tone of remonstrance and considerable surprise, 'Halloa, old girl!'—and immediately died.

He has left a rather large property (in cheese and halfpence) buried, for security's sake, in various parts of the garden. I am not without suspicions of poison. A butcher was heard to threaten him some weeks since—and he stole a clasp-knife belonging to a vindictive carpenter, which was never found. For these reasons I directed a post-mortem examination, preparatory to the body being stuffed; the result of it has not yet reached me. The medical gentleman broke out the fact of his decease to me with great delicacy, observing that 'the jolliest queer start had taken place with that 'ere knowing card of a bird as ever he see'd—' but the shock was naturally very great. With reference to the jollity of the start, it appears that a raven dying at two hundred and fifty or thereabouts is looked upon as an infant. This one would hardly, as I may say, have been born for a century or so to come, being only two or three years old.

I want to know more about the promised 'tickler'—when it's to come, what it's to be, and, in short, all about it, that I may give it the better welcome. I don't know how it is, but I am celebrated either for writing no letters at all or for the briefest specimens of epistolary correspondence in existence. And here I am—in writing to you—on the sixth side. I won't make it a seventh, any way; so with love to all your home circle, and from all mine, I am now and always,

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

I am very glad you like *Barnaby*. I have great designs in store, but am sadly cramped at first for room."

## WHO SAID?

(*Answers to Questions on page* 184)

1, Jonas Chuzzlewit; 2, The friends of Major Chollop; 3, Mr. Pecksniff; 4, Betsey Prig; 5, Mrs. Todgers; 6, Mr. Pecksniff; 7, Sairey Gamp 8, Montague Tigg; 9, Mark Tapley; 10, Mr. Pecksniff; 11, Mr. Moddle; 12, Nadgett; 13, Poll Sweedlepipe; 14, Tom Pinch; 15, Bailey Junior; 16, Anthony Chuzzlewit; 17, Major Chollop; 18, Jonas Chuzzlewit; 19, Mrs. Harris; 20, Chevy Slyme; 21, Mr. Mould; 22, Nadgett; 23, Montague Tigg; 24, Montague Tigg; 25, Dr. Jobling; 26, Dr. Jobling; 27, John Westlock; 28, Old Martin; 29, Charity.

# DICKENS'S OPENING CHAPTERS

By J. H. McNULTY

THE source of great rivers has always had a fascination for travellers, and, indeed, no one can view the beginning of one of the famous streams which have made history, without emotion. We experience a similar feeling in viewing the place where some great enterprise had its birth, the spot where St. Augustine landed in Kent, or where William the Norman first stood on English soil near Pevensey. In art it is equally true of the opening chords of a great symphony, the first line of a famous poem, the opening chapter of an immortal book.

Dickens's Opening Chapters present us with an extremely interesting study. Some, indeed, are not particularly notable, others are magnificent. There is no necessary connection between the excellence of the opening and the greatness of the book; *Barnaby Rudge* starts splendidly, but the book is not one of his best; *Little Dorrit* has a rather disappointing first chapter, but the book is a masterpiece. Strictly speaking, Dickens began his literary life on that evening in December, 1833, "when he dropped a paper into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street," and when afterwards he saw this paper in print "with eyes dimmed with joy and pride"; but the real opening chapter of Dickens's literary life is *The Pickwick Papers*. This is the overture to the opera and contains in miniature nearly all the themes he was eventually to develop.

The first chapter of *Nicholas Nickleby* contains the germ from which the whole novel springs. We may learn from it the great value of incoherency, for here Mrs. Nickleby, one of the most delightful of his heroines, speaks for once clearly, and the result is disaster. She, who is ever losing her way in the no-thoroughfares of speech, who never finishes a sentence, who talks incessantly but never succeeds in saying what she intends to say, and forgets what she meant long before her hearers have discovered her meaning, here speaks plainly and distinctly. She says "Speculate with it," it being the small estate left to Mr. Nickleby by his father and his wife's dower of one thousand pounds. Mr. Nickleby being a good and obedient husband obeyed, with the result that all was lost.

"A mania prevailed, a bubble burst, four stockbrokers took villa residences at Florence, four hundred nobodies were ruined and among them Mr. Nickleby."

*Barnaby Rudge* begins with one of the most picturesque bits of writing in the whole of Dickens, a description of an evening in the parlour of the Maypole Inn, Chigwell. The inn parlour seems all the brighter and more cheerful on account of the dark and stormy night outside, a night made darker still by the surrounding forest, a forest so ancient, that compared with it the New Forest is but a mere parvenu among woodlands. For this is the forest of Epping, London's Forest, still happily left to us. A woodland even now haunted, so they say, by the ghost of Boadicea, who was defeated at Loughton Camp and killed close by.

On this stormy night in March, the village gossips have met for warmth, company and talk, and " by the flickering light, which made the old room, with its heavy timbers, and panelled walls, look as if it were built of polished ebony—the wind roaring and howling without, now rattling the latch and creaking the hinges of the stout oaken door, and now driving at the casement as though it would beat it in—by this light, and under circumstances so auspicious Solomon Daisy began his tale " : the tale of how he had been called out one dark, stormy night, at midnight, to toll the passing bell for an old man who had just died and before he had touched the bell-rope, another bell had rung, and next morning Reuben Haredale had been found murdered. It was for him the ghostly bell had tolled.

Then follow the questions of the stranger and his hurried journey through the night to London. It would be difficult to imagine a more effective opening for any book.

The beginning of *Martin Chuzzlewit* is unique. It has an introductory chapter, no other book of his has. In this chapter we are introduced to the Chuzzlewit family. This is the story of one family, nearly all the characters are related, old Martin and young Martin, Anthony and Jonas Chuzzlewit, the Spottletoes and Pecksniffs.

Even Chevy Slyme is a distant relative of the great Pecksniff. Pecksniff's cousin was Chiv's aunt.

The reason for this introduction seems to be that, though it would be snobbish to enquire about the blood and lineage of everyone to whom you are introduced, it is a very different matter when you are to make the acquaintance of a whole family, then you are right to make quite sure that they are of ancient and honourable lineage.

In characteristic fashion, Dickens sets about to prove this. We know that he held with the poet Shirley that :—

> " The glories of our blood and state
> Are shadows, not substantial things,"

and this introductory chapter gives him a fine opportunity of expressing his contempt, which he does in an excellent piece of fooling.

After the uproarious fun of the introduction, there comes a pause, and the story opens with a quiet and exquisite picture of a late autumn afternoon, when the declining sun burst through the clouds and shone on the little Wiltshire village " within an easy journey of the fair old town of Salisbury. The wet grass sparkled in the light ; the scanty patches of verdure in the hedges took heart and brightened up ; the stream which had been dull and silent all day long, broke into a cheerful smile ; the birds began to chirp and twitter on the naked boughs as though the hopeful creatures half believed that winter had gone by and spring had come already." There are few things in Dickens more effective than the transition from the noisy fun of the introduction to the quiet charm of the peaceful Wiltshire landscape. It reminds one of some beautiful lines of William Watson on opening Shakespeare after reading Marlowe's " Tamburlane the Great."

How welcome after gong and cymbals din—
The continuity, the long, slow slope,
And vast curves of the gradual violin.

The difference between the two chapters is quite as great, but in this instance it is the same author in different styles.

*A Christmas Carol* begins with the announcement that Marley was dead. The character of the dead gentleman, as given in the book, does not appear to have been very attractive, but the attentive reader will not be quite satisfied with that account; indeed, Marley cannot have been quite as bad as he is painted. We know one very good act of his, the visit he paid to his former partner, which is the cause of Scrooge's reformation. His position in the other world is similar to that of Hamlet's father, the ghost, certainly no worse. On that Christmas Eve when the book opens, "it is cold, bleak, biting weather."

It was quite dark at three o'clock for the fog entirely obliterated the weak winter light, it was so cold that there was a slide in Cornhill and so foggy that even in the narrowest part of the court the houses opposite were mere phantoms. The darkness of the day is emphasised in the same way as Shakespeare insists on the darkness of the night before the dagger scene in Macbeth. There it is the prelude to murder, here the prelude to happiness and joy. Christmas Eve is painted deliberately dark as a contrast to the "clear, bright stirring cold, the golden sunshine and sweet fresh air" of Christmas Day—a new day, a new life and a new Scrooge. To a child the two days are years asunder, and it is well to be a child sometimes, and almost necessary if we wish to keep Christmas properly.

The greatest opening chapter of all is probably that of *Bleak House*, which bears the marks of genius in every phrase.

It begins with a vivid description of the Court of Chancery and the great fog. The fog is a perfect symbol of the law. It is biting, cruel and bewildering, less cruel indeed, for the fog would be dissipated in a short time, but the fog of the law would continue till the estate on which it fed was entirely exhausted. One feels that Dickens, like a true Londoner, must secretly have loved the thing he so perfectly describes. We all loved fog when we were young, and it is an infallible sign of the approach of old age when we discover that fog has greater discomforts for us than pleasure; as Dickens never grew old he probably never made that discovery.

The story begins in the High Court of Chancery and seldom leaves it, nearly every character is blighted by his contact with the law, except those who live by it, indeed the trail of the lawyer is over them all.

There is one amazingly vivid touch when the Chancellor asks if there are other members of the bar still to be heard.

"Eighteen of Mr. Tangle's learned friends bob up like eighteen hammers in a pianoforte." The comparison is perfect. Open your piano, strike a few notes and Mr. Tangle's friends are before you.

*A Tale of Two Cities* begins with a perfect summing up of the feelings awakened by the French Revolution. "It was the best of times" to those who saw in that tremendous event the downfall of tyranny and the emancipation of a people.

"Joy was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

wrote Wordsworth. "It was the worst of times" to those who, like Burke, saw the destruction of so much good as well as so much evil and the wholesale slaughter of innocent and guilty. "It was the epoch of belief," to those who placed their trust in the new constitution and calendar and believed that thus they would create a new and happier land. "It was the epoch of incredulity," for belief in religion was dead among great masses of the population. "It was the season of Light" to those who saw in the burning of the Bastille the dawn of liberty. "It was the season of Darkness" to those who witnessed with horror the destruction of Church and Throne. "It was the spring of hope" with those who thought they were creating a new heaven and a new earth. "It was the winter of Despair" with those who looked on the growing terror and misery.

Dickens then turns to England where things also were very unhappy. Crimes were numerous and often brutal, and the punishment of crimes was still more brutal where the hangman was ever busy and ever worse than useless. The picture is one of great gloom and so is the "Tale" that follows, though illuminated with the never-fading beauty and glory of a supreme sacrifice.

The opening of *Little Dorrit* is disappointing. It begins in prison in Marseilles, outside there is the blazing pitiless sun, and inside that extremely unpleasant person Monsieur Rigaud. It is a book of prisons, the quarantine, in which the Meagles and their fellow travellers are detained, is a temporary prison, the Circumlocution Office where the inmates are fettered in yards and yards of red tape is another, the Marshalsea the largest of all, and Mrs. Clennam's house the most gloomy. The disappointing nature of the beginning is probably due to the fact that Dickens is in a foreign country, and no author is then at his best. The finest of the Waverley Novels are the Scotch ones, Meredith's "Vittoria" and "Sandra Belloni," beautiful books as they are, are not equal to his English novels. Shakespeare is no real exception. The wood near Athens of Midsummer Night's Dream is an English woodland and Bottom and his companions English rustics.

In the third chapter Clennam comes home. It is a gloomy home-coming, London on a wet Sunday, and Mrs. Clennam's house, the last word in gloom and discomfort. The more important thing is that Dickens comes home, "his foot on his native heath," and his native heath is the London pavement.

*The Mystery of Edwin Drood* is itself an opening chapter to a new series of books which were never written. It has all the freshness and vitality of the first book of a new and great writer instead of the last volume of a veteran. There is no sign of immaturity in *Pickwick*, no trace of decay in Drood. It is like a great Unfinished Symphony and, just when the music was at its sweetest, death stilled the hand of the player and "the rest is silence."

# THE DICKENS SPIRIT*

By F. R. DEAN

*Photo by* [*Lafayette*

Mr. F. R. Dean

YOU have all read the story how just one hundred years ago Charles Dickens, then a youth of twenty-one, "dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box in a dark office up a dark court in Fleet Street," his first contribution to fiction, and how "when it appeared in all the glory of print" he had to turn aside into Westminster Hall, being so overcome with joy and pride. This was a greater day for Dickens than even he could have imagined. It marked the beginning of the literary career of the greatest novelist this country has ever produced. But more than this, it was a great day for England, for, besides marking the beginning of a great literary career, it heralded the coming of a great social reformer, a friend of the common people, one who had himself known hardship and privation and so could sympathise fully with the poor and oppressed. His immediate and phenomenal success as a writer soon gave him the power he desired and from the outset of his literary career to the day of his death thirty-seven years later, he never ceased to use that power for the betterment of his fellow men. The wizardry of his pen enchanted all, high and low, rich and poor and united them into a "Dickens Fellowship." But it was not until seventy years later that *The* Dickens Fellowship came into being, and it says much for the quality of the power of Dickens, that over thirty years after his death such an association should come into existence. Generally, after an author has passed away, even if his books continue to be read for a time, it is only as literature that they remain. But with Dickens it is different. Not only are his books read as widely as ever (and this is confirmed by booksellers and librarians everywhere), not only are they so popular that the daily papers in the last month or two, looking for a bait to attract new readers, have decided that cheap sets of Dickens's books were the greatest attraction they could offer; not only have more books been written around Dickens than around any other author; but the man himself remains, a living force. He remains

* The Chairman's address at the Blackpool Conference, 1933.

in this Dickens Fellowship, which seeks to foster the spirit of Dickens. And this raises the question, " What *is* the Dickens spirit ? " When reading accounts of meetings of the Rotary Club and such like societies, I have noticed that speakers sometimes refer to " The Spirit of Rotary " and so on. Evidently they are proud and jealous of the spirit of their respective movements ; and we Dickensians are equally proud and jealous of " The Dickensian Spirit." Now, what is the Dickensian spirit, and what in particular is there about it that is worth perpetuating ? I think first it is the spirit of *Fellowship.* This is strikingly exhibited in both the life and works of Dickens. Without being patronising he was genial and friendly with all classes, and the fact that he was as much loved by his gas-man on his reading tours as by his family and intimate friends speaks volumes. George Dolby tells how during the first reading tour, when Dickens was accompanied by his friend Mr. Wills, he suggested that as they were all staying in the same hotel, Dolby should share their sitting room, a suggestion that was acted upon, and from day to day they lived on terms of intimate companionship. This was a trifling incident, but shows the kind of spirit that endeared Dickens to all who knew him.

Next, the spirit of Dickens is the spirit of humanity. While he was able to see the humour of everyday incidents and common-place characters, and describe them so as to draw laughter from the soberest judge, he could also see the tragedy of life, the pathos of the existence (one can hardly call it life) of The Marchioness, Poor Jo, Oliver Twist and Smike, and while at one moment he makes us laugh at the quaint saying of the Marchioness, the next he wrings our hearts with pity or rouses our indignation at the neglect and oppression she suffered.

Then the spirit of Dickens comprises readiness to help others. Read Dickens's letters, read Forster's " Life," read Dolby's book ; all abound with instances of his readiness to assist others—his amateur theatrical tours, his charitable readings, his ever-ready, patient and kindly advice to young authors, all go to show his generous and sympathetic spirit.

And then the Dickens spirit is a spirit of cheerfulness, gaiety and innocent fun. As Lord Rosebery once said, " Dickens taught us to laugh. . . . Laughter over a book you are reading is almost the rarest luxury you can enjoy, but no one who tastes Dickens should feel unhappy or physically unwell. He has only got to take down his *Pickwick* and read a few pages, possibly that he knows almost by heart already, and he will find himself indulging in that innocent, healthy exhilaration of which I speak."

The character of Dickens can well be summarised in the words of Carlyle : " The good, the gentle, the high-gifted, ever friendly, noble Dickens—every inch of him an honest man." Such, then, is my idea of the spirit of Dickens, to spread which the Dickens Fellowship exists.

Conditions of life have changed since Dickens's day. They have changed physically and in nothing more than in means of communication. When Dickens made his first visit to America in 1842 he travelled in the paddle-steamer " Britannia," taking seventeen days and the terrors and hardships of the voyage are described in *Martin*

*Chuzzlewit* and *American Notes*. To-day one can cross from England to America in less than a week and in the utmost comfort and luxury. When Dickens was acting as reporter for the "Morning Chronicle" he used to dash back from his journeys at night in a jolting coach over rough roads, transcribing his shorthand notes by the light of a candle, with his note-book held on the palm of his hand. To-day such reports may be telegraphed or taken by aeroplane and are frequently published within a few minutes of the happening of the event. Aeroplanes, wireless, gramophones, cinematographs were things unknown, and one cannot help conjecturing what use Dickens would have made of these inventions had he lived to-day or had they been in use in his time. One can imagine him dashing from Paris or Genoa on a (literally) flying visit, to get the inspiration of the London streets for his books. We can imagine the B.B.C. asking him to join, with other eminent speakers, in discussions in the series "Should they be scrapped?" *e.g.* "Should the Chancery Court be scrapped?" or "Should the Poor Law system be scrapped?" What would we not give to-day for a gramophone record, or better still a talking film, with Dickens in some of his wonderful readings? Unfortunately, he died half a century or so too soon for this to be possible, and so we have to content ourselves with reading accounts written by those who knew him, and rejoicing that, if his voice is lost to us, we still have the products of his mind.

But conditions have also changed socially, partly as a result of these physical changes. Divisions of class from class are not so sharply defined—our treatment of the poor, our education system, our prison system, our legal system, have all improved beyond measure, but human nature to-day is the same as when Oliver Twist was born in the workhouse and Poor Jo swept the London crossings. Our social problems to-day are different in detail, but, like the poor, they are always with us. We have our sick and our cripples, we have our slum problems, we have our vast army of unemployed, and one wonders how Dickens would have dealt with these problems of present day life, for there is no question but that he would have tackled them as vigorously as he did those of his own day. Now one of the objects for which the Dickens Fellowship was formed was to combine in spreading that love of humanity which is the keynote of all Dickens's work and to take such measures as may be expedient to remedy those social evils, the amelioration of which would have been dear to the heart of Dickens. These objects are positive and active, and it is up to every branch of the Fellowship to justify its existence by carrying them into effect. We have done and are doing a great deal of valuable work in research and study in relation to Dickens and his times, the topography of his books, the social conditions and customs of the England of his day. This work is the more important in view of the changes and the demolition of landmarks that are rapidly taking place with the march of progress, and the volumes of *The Dickensian*, our own magazine, of which we are justly proud, will in the future form an invaluable contribution to the social history of the England of

the nineteenth century. But valuable as this work is, it is only one phase of the Fellowship's activities and I would urge all branches to print in full on their syllabuses, the aims and objects of the Fellowship and from time to time have them read out so that members may realise that they *are* a Fellowship, linked together by a common love and a common object—the love for a very great man, and the object of continuing and sharing his work.

## CONCERNING DICKENS AND OTHER LITERARY CHARACTERS

Under this title our always welcome contributor, Mr. J. H. McNulty, has garnered many of his lighter essays appearing in these pages, added a little Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Kipling, and some others, many of which have appeared in "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," of which he is co-editor. The result is a hugely delightful volume of criticism and parody. And as our readers take more than a passing interest in the work of Mr. McNulty, they will be eager to secure in more easily accessible form, these veritable "lumps of delight."

The staff of the Bank of England hold Mr. McNulty in as high esteem as we do in the Fellowship, and if they enjoy the Dickens skits as much as we have enjoyed the five-and-twenty other essays, then we can safely predict a speedy reprinting of this volume. The author publishes it himself and gives the public wonderful value for its eighteenpences.

## THE NEWGATE NOVELISTS

Mr. S. M. Ellis has contributed a chapter entitled "Jack Sheppard in Literature and Drama" to the "Trial of Jack Sheppard" (Notable British Trials Series, Wm. Hodge and Co., Ltd.) edited by him and the late Horace Bleackley, which is, in a way, a definite contribution to Dickensian literature. It was Harrison Ainsworth who wrote the story "Jack Sheppard" which followed *Oliver Twist* in "Bentley's Miscellany" under Dickens's editorship, and, indeed, for a time and in certain directions ousted the latter story in popularity. In writing the Fagin and Bill Sikes portion of the story Dickens had joined the band of Newgate novelists headed by Bulwer with his "Paul Clifford," and Ainsworth with "Rookwood." Mr. Ellis quotes from some of the hitherto unpublished letters of Dickens to Ainsworth which appeared in *The Dickensian* last year, and recalls that Ainsworth in the preface to the fifth edition of "Rookwood" referred to Sam Weller's ballad, "Bold Turpin vunce on Hounslow Heath," acknowledging that "Mr. Dickens, with his wonderful knowledge of London life and character, and unequalled powers of delineation, has done more for the Metropolis than Paul de Kock, in all his works, has done for Paris," which moved Dickens to thank Ainsworth in touching terms.

There is a great affinity in the two stories, and one wonders, with Mr. Ellis, how much Dickens was indebted to Ainsworth for certain parts of his story. There was actually a James Sykes in the Newgate Calendar, a violent ruffian known as "Hell and Fury," who treacherously impeached Jack Sheppard and caused his imprisonment.

# THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE

IT is a far cry from Rochester, with its many Dickensian associations, to Blackpool, with its single reminiscence of Dickens. Yet, such is the growing strength of interest in the Annual Conference of the Fellowship that the record attendance at Rochester last year of 211 was greatly exceeded this year when 283 delegates and members answered the roll-call.

## THE RECEPTION.

This was held in the Imperial Hotel Ballroom on the Friday evening. The President of the Blackpool Branch, Mr. J. W. Leach and Mrs. Leach, warmly welcomed nearly 400 guests, and a very happy time was spent in the renewal of old friendships and the making of new contacts with members hitherto unknown—a privilege that was greatly appreciated, and in this respect it was perhaps the most valuable of all the Conference functions. The President, in his Address of Welcome, declared : " This is one of the milestones on Life's Journey," and during the evening he, together with Messrs. J. Midgley, H. Priestley and Councillor J. Anderson, Jun., as a male voice quartette, entertained the guests with some finely rendered selections, and Mr. Frank Crawshaw with some excellent recitals. The happy atmosphere of the gathering made fine amends for blustering weather conditions that met us on assembling, and the whole affair was a great success.

The next morning Conference assembled in the same room for

## THE BUSINESS MEETING

which was formally opened by Alderman T. Fenton, Mayor of Blackpool. A cordial vote of thanks to the Mayor and Corporation in felicitous terms was proposed by Mr. Howson Ray (Manchester), seconded by Alderman T. Sturge Cotterell (Bath), and carried with enthusiasm. The Mayor having retired, Conference settled down to hear the address of the Chairman, Mr. F. R. Dean (Chairman of Council)—reported elsewhere—and then the Roll was called, the following responses being made :—Balham, 7 ; Hackney, 3 ; Leyton, 5 ; St. Pancras, 14 ; Dickensian Tabard Players, 1 ; Bath, 2 ; Birmingham, 6 ; Blackburn, 15 ; Blackpool, 29 ; Bromley, 6 ; Cheltenham, 4 ; Eastbourne, 14 ; Edgware, 3 ; Edinburgh, 17 ; Gloucester, 4 ; Hatfield, 3 ; Hull, 2 ; Liverpool, 9 ; Manchester, 33 ; Nottingham, 28 ; Redditch, 5 ; Rochester, 5 ; Sheffield, 7 ; Southend, 12 ; Brisbane, 1 ; Auckland, 1 ; Montreal, 1 ; Vancouver, 1 ; Boston, U.S.A., 1 ; and Headquarters, 43. Total, 283. The Minutes of last Conference having been approved by the Council were passed, and signed by the Chairman. No questions arising, the Hon. Secretary then read letters of greeting from Sir Henry F. Dickens (Life President), Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell (President), and several absent members and branches not represented. Telegrams of greetings were ordered to be sent to Sir Henry and Lady

Dickens and to Mr. Vachell. The Annual Report of the Council (see p. 276) was then read by the Hon. Secretary, and the Financial Statement was presented by the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. T. W. Hill. Both reports were adopted and ordered to be entered in the minutes, with the addition of the following to the Secretary's report :—" The Council desire on behalf of themselves and on your behalf, to convey to Mr. Edwards, to Miss Minards, and to all who have assisted them their grateful thanks for what they are constantly doing on our behalf, and to congratulate them on the success of these efforts."

The Hon. Secretary thanked the meeting for this reference to himself and his assistants.

A resolution to donate the sum of £100 to the Dickens House was carried enthusiastically, and Mr. Rust expressed thanks on behalf of the Trustees.

The election of officers followed, and Mr. Alfred Noyes, C.B.E., Litt. D., was unanimously elected as President for 1933-35, and the following officers were elected for the year :—The existing Vice-Presidents, with the addition of Dame Madge Kendal, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Major Ian Hay Beith, Sir Buckston Browne, F.S.A., F.R.C.S., Mr. Bernard Darwin and Mr. Hugh Walpole. Executive Officers : Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. W. Edwards ; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. T. W. Hill ; Hon. Editor *The Dickensian*, Mr. Walter Dexter. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Messrs. Whinney, Smith and Whinney for their services as Hon. Auditors, and a letter conveying this was directed to be sent to them. They were reappointed for the ensuing year.

Conference warmed up to a good and animated discussion when the Council's proposition for additions to Rule 4, relative to junior and small village branches was submitted, and finally additions as follows were carried by a large majority :—

1. " The annual contribution to Headquarters for self-contained branches where all the members are less than 17 years of age shall be twopence per member; subscription to *The Dickensian* shall be optional."

2. " In the case of branches formed in villages and towns of less than five thousand inhabitants, where the membership of the branch is less than twenty-five, the annual contribution to Headquarters shall be ten shillings and sixpence."

The invitation to hold the next Conference at Southend was warmly received and accepted unanimously.

It was decided that *The Old Curiosity Shop* be the book for the Session 1934-35.

Invitation was now given by the Chairman to our overseas delegates to say a few words—this was more by way of introducing and making them known to the Conference generally than for the purpose of hearing the extended reports some of the representatives were prepared to give—but time was precious, and it was in no spirit of discourtesy that they had to be restricted. Mrs. Archer (Montreal), Miss Woodard (Brisbane), Mrs. Edwards (Vancouver), Mr. Hersey (Boston), and

Miss Thompson representing Toronto, responded to the invitation. The Auckland (New Zealand) delegate was, unfortunately, absent from the Conference room at the moment.

Mr. Percy T. Carden (one of the Trustees) followed with a delightfully whimsical report on the Dickens House, which was received with much applause.

Then came the more serious " Reports on Regional Groups." The scheme is not yet in full operation, but Conference was pleased to hear of the successful working of groups No. 1 (where a new branch at Preston has been inaugurated), No. 3 and No. 6 recording useful interchange of visits and speakers. The reports were presented by Mr. Evans, Miss Bryan and Mrs. Newcombe respectively. The business of the Conference concluded with the passing of the following resolution :—

> " That the Minutes of Conference be submitted to the next Council Meeting for approval, and that the July Council Meeting be cancelled."

A hearty vote of thanks to the Blackpool Branch, which was responded to by Mr. Leach (President) and Mr. Sherratt (Secretary), also to the Chairman of the Conference, to which Mr. Dean suitably responded, brought the proceedings to a close, and the delegates adjourned to the hotel courtyard for the usual Conference photograph. In the afternoon, resort was made to the famous Pleasure Beach, where many of the delegates experienced some of the thrills and excitements provided by this popular fun fair, and afterwards assembled as guests of the Blackpool Branch for tea at the Casino.

## THE DINNER.

The usual Conference Dinner took place in the evening at The Imperial Hotel when about 300 guests, many in Dickensian costumes, were present under the Chairmanship of Alderman John Potter, J.P., M.P. It was a brilliant affair, the beautifully decorated tables, the gay dresses and costumes, the delightful music discoursed by an excellent orchestra, combined to induce the fine spirit of freedom and fellowship which pervaded the proceedings ; ever and anon the company took up the strains of some popular air played by the band, and the merry laughter and chat showed that the guests were thoroughly enjoying themselves. The chief interest however centred in the magnificent speech to " The Immortal Memory," proposed by

Mr. Hugh Walpole, in the course of which he said :

" I am surprised to think that the present world finds Dickens so out of date, dull, sentimental, and melodramatic that it takes a modern poet to explain him.

" When you read a modern novel to-day, unless it is written by Mr. J. B. Priestley or myself, you are given two or three little snivelling characters who move about so much concerned with their own psycho-analytical natures that they scarcely move at all. You feel that if

you knocked one of these characters on the head the author would not be able to put another in his place. But the man who says we want another Dickens to-day ought to be abolished. We don't want another Dickens, but I wish Dickens could inspire some of our more stupid writers with more brains and, perhaps, a little more virtue.

"What is that great quality in the work of Dickens that is not—but might be—in the work of present-day writers? Why is it that this man stands alone? The answer is this. Dickens supremely had the quality of zest—the zest in his own vision—the knowledge of the truth of that vision—and he created that zest which he rouses still in your own breast.

"He created characters in thousands—and they are as alive to-day as they were then, because he so revelled in the zest of creation.

"Suppose that Dickens were to come here? What would he think of our curious, odd cynical humour—this man whose own humour was so genial and kindly? What would he think of our times—our newspapers—our generation? I believe he would have thought it all as exciting and amusing as we do—and more.

"Suppose he had come to-day—to Blackpool? Opened his newspaper and read about the Economic Conference and the exciting fact that this conference was to be held here, and that he—the great novelist—would attend?

"Suppose he did what I have done this afternoon—went to the best circus I have ever seen—for half-a-crown? Saw a magnificent troupe of performing fleas! Shook hands with the ex-Rector of Stiffkey and gave him tuppence?

"I can see him—his velvet waistcoat and flowing grey whiskers—his immense vitality—standing against the railings on the promenade, looking westward over that great expanse of sea and sand. And he'd throw his head back and laugh . . . laugh and say, 'Life has not lost its savour.'"

As we listened to this animated speech, delivered with faultless diction and ringing voice, we felt that here was one who had indeed the true spirit of "The Master," and that we had indeed honoured ourselves by his election as a Vice-President of the Fellowship.

The other Toasts were "The Mayor and Corporation of Blackpool," proposed by Mr. R. C. Morison in his characteristic style, responded to by the Mayor, Alderman T. Fenton; "The Dickens Fellowship," by Mr. Bransby Williams (whose appearance amongst us once again gave much pleasure); his speech kept the audience in continuous peals of laughter, as in the earlier portion of it he dealt with some of his experiences, dropping into a more serious vein he urged the Fellowship to greater endeavours, "for the whole world wants the spirit of Dickens."

In his reply, Mr. T. W. Hill pointed out that some of the efforts urged by Mr. Williams were being carried out very successfully. Mrs. W. G. Edwards (Vancouver) added her testimony to the work being done by Overseas Branches. "The Chairman" was proposed by Mr. F. R. Dean in felicitous terms, to which Alderman Potter suitably

responded and the proceedings closed with "Auld Lang Syne." Afterwards many of the guests adjourned to the Ballroom to "foot the light fantastic" till midnight.

On Sunday morning a special service was held at St. Paul's Church, North Shore, and a crowded congregation of Dickensians heard with much pleasure and profit the special discourse of the Vicar, the Rev. W. Yates, M.A., dealing with the occasion, and the lasting influence of the writings of Dickens, emphasising his truly Christian personal character.

The afternoon was devoted to an enjoyable drive round the Fylde, when we saw some of the outlying districts of Blackpool. In the evening we assembled again in the Palm Court of the Imperial at the invitation of the Blackpool Branch for a concert by Laddie Clarke and his Imperial Orchestra, with recitals by Miss G. K. Sherratt and Mr. F. Mitchell, two young elocutionists who have done much good work for the branch and should go far. The programme perhaps was a little overloaded, but this, no doubt, was due to the desire of Blackpool friends to provide "good measure, pressed down and running over" for our entertainment. The final day, Monday, was crowded with interest. Space at our disposal forbids more than a passing reference to the delightful motor coach trip through that wonderland—The Lake District. Mountains and valleys, lakes and waterfalls provided a constant source of pleasure as we wended our way through Kendal, Windermere, Ambleside, Grasmere (how we wished there had been time to visit the Wordsworth shrines here, the Church, Dove Cottage, etc.) to Keswick for lunch at the Keswick Hotel, with its charming gardens so finely set amidst the surrounding hills. The return journey was made *via* Lancaster, where fine arrangements had been made for our reception and entertainment. Unfortunately, with so large a party (over 200) it was almost inevitable that the scheduled time-table could not be strictly kept, consequently we were nearly two hours late in reaching Lancaster, where Alderman E. C. Parr, in the unavoidable absence of the Mayor, Mrs. Croft Helme, received the party at the Town Hall and gave us a civic welcome. Tea was served, during which thanks were expressed by Mr. J. W. Leach and Mr. F. C. Hersey to Alderman Parr, the Mayor, Mr. G. M. Bland, the Borough Librarian, and Mr. T. Cann Hughes for the arrangements they had made.

Following tea the ancient charters were inspected, a photograph taken on the steps of the Town Hall and a move made to the Central Library, where a very interesting collection of Dickensiana was displayed by the Borough Librarian and Curator (Mr. G. M. Bland, F.S.A., F.R.G.S.).

Owing to lack of time full justice could not be done to this exhibition, which included an interesting collection of letters from Dickens to Joseph Sly, Master of the King's Arms Hotel, when booking rooms for himself and Wilkie Collins on their memorable tour. A signed engraving drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., from a photograph by John Charles Watkins, inscribed, "Monday, Thirtieth June, 1862, Charles

Dickens, to his good friend, Mr. Sly." These original letters and signed portrait, together with a small photograph of Joseph Sly, were loaned to Mr. Bland, by the grandson, Mr. Joe Sly.

Blackpool was ultimately reached at 7-45 p.m., and then there was a rush to dress for the Mayoral Reception at the Winter Gardens due at 8 p.m. Many of the members were in Dickensian costume and made some stir amongst the members of the Royal Sanitary Institute Congress, with whom the Reception was shared. Refreshments were served in the Palm Café and occasion was taken to again express our congratulations and thanks to the Blackpool Branch for the highly successful manner in which all the arrangements had been carried out. A truly Dickensian spirit pervaded this little function and musical honours were accorded the Mayor, the President and Secretary of the Branch.

Dancing was continued in the magnificent Empress Ballroom till midnight ended the proceedings of the 1933 Conference.

A. W. Edwards.

## *OLIVER TWIST* FILMED AGAIN

Dickensians will be interested in the forthcoming release of the first sound film of *Oliver Twist*, presented by Pathé Pictures, Ltd. The chief merit of the film lies in the fact that it follows closely the " poignant story of the trials and tribulations of the immortal workhouse orphan " (to quote from the programme) and it was with a feeling of relief that the melodramatic Monks and the emasculated Harry Maylie had been judiciously dispensed with. The film tells the story of Oliver Twist and no one else, except in so far as they are essential to his unhappy environment.

One expects anachronisms even in the best of films, particularly in English stories filmed in America, and no doubt *vice versa*, and it would be a unique experience if they were lacking. To mention one or two ; the master of the workhouse and his subordinates when serving the famous morning meal, wore chefs' head-dresses ; a hansom cab was introduced, and " rock-cakes " were substituted for crumpets, as the tea-time delicacy beloved of Mr. Grimwig. The Houses of Parliament with the chimes of Big Ben were introduced to give local colour to the river scene, the producer apparently little caring or not knowing that they did not exist at the time of the story.

The jollity affected by the habitués of Fagin's den was entirely missing, while all humour, such as that of the Dodger, Bumble, Mrs. Corney and Fagin, was entirely absent. One can hardly accept the excuse that such humour would fail to reach the average American audience, while remembering the enormous vogue Dickens's works have in that country.

One missed the moving appeal of Nancy to Sikes immediately before the murder ; nevertheless, her passion for the housebreaker was conveyed in her lingering, loving kiss on the unconscious drink-sodden ruffian before she made her journey to London Bridge.

The speech was remarkably free from American accent, and the Dickens atmosphere was well preserved. The performance of Dickie Moore as Oliver will endear him to most audiences by its faithful portrayal of childlike trust, innocence and pathos, and no Dickensian should miss his delightful and touching performance.—A. E. B. C.

# THE ORIGINAL PICKWICK PAPERS

## THE COLLATION OF A PERFECT FIRST EDITION

By W. MILLER and E. H. STRANGE

IN the following we propose to describe the first appearance of one of the three or four most remarkable books in the whole course of English literature. Apart from the Prayer Book and the collected works of Shakespeare and the Bible, which is again a collection of books, *The Pickwick Papers* has been more printed than any other book in the English language. It is, however, difficult for the ordinary lover of Dickens to understand the extraordinary prices realised when a fine copy of *The Pickwick Papers* is sold. "How can a copy of an immensely popular and successful book published less than a hundred years ago so differ from others as to justify such a price?" it is often asked. The answer to that question is to be found if one considers the circumstances in which the work was produced.

*The Pickwick Papers* as originally produced was a series of nineteen parts, appearing at monthly intervals, with one lapse, undergoing many changes of plan and form, and encountering many vicissitudes of fortune. The publication of the early parts was a cautious business, for the publishers were taking no undue risks with a young and comparatively unknown author. A few hundred copies only were issued of the first four parts. With the appearance of Sam Weller in Part IV, however, the work became very much more popular, and there was a large and increasing demand for copies of the earlier parts.

To the first-edition hunter a perfect *Pickwick* must be first-issue in wrappers, advertisements, back and front, plates and text. To collect a first-rate *Pickwick*, therefore, is to conduct a knock-out competition, in which casualties are quick and frequent. In this and the following numbers of *The Dickensian*, we lay down the requirements of a perfect copy of the complete work. In doing so we are in the main following the late John F. Dexter, the first great Dickens collector, who established the canon of what a first-issue *Pickwick* should be. One of us had the privilege of being associated with John F. Dexter for many years and of sharing in his increasing knowledge of the subject. John F. Dexter's final choice of a first-class *Pickwick* was in this way open for his inspection years before Mr. Dexter's death, since when one of his working copies of first-issue text with notes, and a working copy of variations of plates have been in our possession.

For more than fifty years John F. Dexter made it his business to examine every copy of *Pickwick* in parts that came up for auction as well as those copies in the hands of leading book-sellers. The knowledge thus gained by him was enormous. Besides this he bought and sold hundreds of copies of the work and by the process of elimination made up one of the most perfect copies in parts in the world. At the same time we have made afresh a careful examination of plates and text to see what new internal evidence can be gleaned from them.

Careful examination of the first page of the text leads us to an under-

standing of the method of printing first and second issues of the text of the whole work. Take a virgin part, *i.e.*, one obviously untampered with, with all the marks of first-issue on cover and advertisements. Compare such a part with a part known by similar evidence to be a similarly virgin part of later printing. The " O " of " Observations on the Theory " is clearly broken in the latter and whole in the former. Measurement of the breadth of the printing shows almost always exactly $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches for such later printed copies and as much as 3/32 more for such earlier printed copies. But such earlier printed copies never show such close agreement in the breadth of printing as the later printed copies. On the other hand, if one examines with a fairly high power magnifying glass the " H " in " THE PICKWICKIANS " on page 1, there is a defect in the left foot of the letter in *all* copies early and late. There is similarly the same defect in the " a " of the test word " Observations " in *all* copies early or late. Such instances could be multiplied indefinitely on this same test page 1 and on every page throughout this part. There can be only one explanation of these facts. The great bulk certainly, and probably all, of the second issue text was printed from a stereo made from the movable type used in printing the first issue. That the first impressions were made from movable type is further shown by the faint dark marks between the words " you begin " on page 26, line 7 from the bottom, in the very earliest impressions produced. The size of the printing in the case of second issue text is remarkably constant in length and breadth, but is yet constantly smaller than first-issue text, because the stereo shrinks slightly in process of being made, but once made as a rigid casting does not further change.

It is worth noting that the printers, Bradbury and Evans, had the first licence to print by the stereo process in this country. That licence is still in existence and can be seen at the Headquarters of the National Society of Electrotypers and Stereotypers, 80 Blackfriars Road, S.E.1. The first issue text must vary from copy to copy because it was printed from a mass of movable type. The whole mass tended to spread out as printing proceeded. This was corrected by tightening up the forme holding the movable type as occasion demanded. Further, with continual printing and slight wearing of the type face, the impression tended to become broader and darker in line. Again, another factor causing variation of the length or breadth of the actual printing on a page is the stretching of the paper itself. Paper used for printing the text was often wetted just as the plate paper used for the illustrations was, in order to yield a better impression. The paper used for *The Pickwick Papers* was machine made and would stretch across the web. This explains why one sometimes gets a page in a stereotyped second-issue text narrower than the fairly constant $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches. It does not follow, therefore, that the earliest impressions are necessarily bolder and blacker, or broader or longer than later printings. A fine early impression of the text would in general give the same general impression as a good early impression of a plate. It would be fine and clear, broader and longer than the later stereotyped second-issue

impressions, but not necessarily the broadest and longest to be found. A mass of type cannot be so squeezed as to get progressively smaller as printing proceeds.

The single leaf pages 25-26 presents a certain amount of difficulty. Mr. John F. Dexter is our authority for saying that the earliest copies were printed without the signature E at the foot of page 25. Every printer with an orderly mind would regard it as a normal procedure to apply this signature to page 25, following the signature D on page 17. Impressions lacking the signature E have the quad marks between the words "you" and "begin" on page 26, line 7, from the bottom, previously noted. These two independent signs of priority thus confirm each other. The stereotyped second-issue text, from which these quad marks could be cleaned out at leisure, has the signature. There are, however, impressions of text not stereotyped which have the signature and lack the quad marks. Such impressions vary in the length as well as the breadth of printing on page 25 owing to the varying spacing between chapters two and three. Some impressions examined with the signature are longer, so far as the printing above the signature is concerned, than impressions without the signature.

With these introductory remarks we now proceed to give the collation of a perfect Pickwick.

There must be nineteen parts in green paper covers, each dated MDCCCXXXVI. The special points to be observed in each part are as follows :—

PART I.

COVER.

Below the name of the editor must appear "With Four illustrations by Seymour."

Date, MDCCCXXXVI.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Inside cover both front and back blank. Back of cover advertising No. 1, "Library of Fiction." Inserted, stitched to the last page (page 26) of the text, four pages, 12mo, printed in red and black, advertising new works by the publishers, Chapman and Hall, "Garland of Love," etc.

TEXT.

Twenty-six pages in three insets of eight pages each and one extra leaf for pages 25 and 26. This odd leaf was pasted lightly to the page in front of it.

Page 1.—Line 1. First word. "T" must be unbroken.

Line 4 from bottom. The final "s" must be unbroken.

Line 19 from bottom. "O" in "Observations" must be unbroken.

Page 3.—Line 4 from bottom. "h" in "honourable" is unbroken.

Page 10.—Last Line. The letter "r" in "rum" must not have a . between it and the next letter.

SEYMOUR PLATE No. 1.

page 2

Buttons of Mr. Pickwick's vest on his left side (reader's right); two books before secretary; Mr. Tupman looks straight in front of him, there is a faint white line down his vest; lights and glasses of chandelier very faint; middle picture on back wall has double cords.

Page 14.—Line 5. "h" in "heavily" must be unbroken.
Line 12. "w" in "we" must be unbroken.

Page 16.—Line 9 from bottom. The word "unheeded" must not be followed by a .

Page 17.—Last line. Last letter "e" must be unbroken.

Page 25.—This page must be without the signature "E" at the foot.

"PHIZ" PLATE No. 1.

Buttons of Mr. Pickwick's vest on his right side ; three books in front of secretary ; Mr. Tupman looks up to his chief in admiration ; lights and two glasses of chandelier plainly seen ; middle picture at back shows cords very faintly.

Page 26.—Line 7 from bottom. Faint dark marks between the two words "you begin."

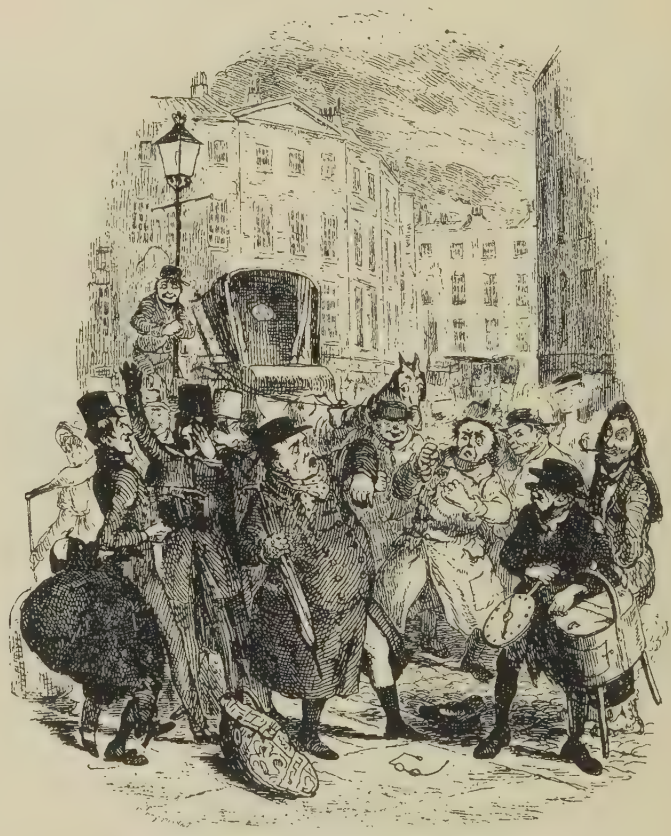
PLATES.

Four plates by Seymour, without captions (*i.e.* titles).

The four original Seymour plates are reproduced on the following pages, side by side with the four re-etched plates done by "Phiz" for the later issues.

We have already referred to the demand which sprang up after No. IV had been published. This became so great that the steel

SEYMOUR PLATE No. 2.



page-7

Milkmaid with yoke and pail on extreme left plainly seen ; soldier on the right has no moustache, and detail in the background around his head is lacking ; man just behind the cabman has a diced pattern hat.

plates Seymour had etched for the first part became too worn to yield satisfactory impressions. Seymour had shot himself before the appearance of the second part, for which he had left three plates only. R. W. Buss was engaged to draw and etch two plates for Part III. These were not considered satisfactory and Hablot K. Browne, then a promising young artist, was commissioned to prepare the two plates for Part IV. His first two plates were excellent spirited examples of his talent and his illustrations were continued throughout the work. With the failure of the Seymour plates for Part I to stand

"PHIZ" PLATE No. 2.

page. 7.

Milkmaid with yoke and pail faintly indicated; soldier has a moustache; man behind the cabman has a plain black hat.*

* Later this plate was re-etched by "Phiz," and the milkmaid with yoke and pail was made distinct once more. Other details in the background were also altered.

repeated printings, Hablot K. Browne, or "Phiz," as he called himself after Part IV, was required to etch four plates to replace those of Seymour. He copied Seymour's plates with great fidelity with a few exceptions. These exceptions are, however, important as distinguishing first-issue plates from later "Phiz" plates, and are set forth in the accompanying reproductions of the original illustrations. Before etching fresh plates, however, "Phiz" touched up the original Seymour plates, especially the fourth in this Part, which therefore exists in two states, one obviously prior to the other. We reproduce the earlier state.

(*To be continued*)

# THE MYSTERIOUS MRS. HARRIS

By MARGARET A. OLDER

HAVE you ever seen a character come on to the stage of a theatre when the lights were dim and only vague outlines were visible, and then suddenly beheld that character illuminated by a hidden light being turned upon it? Such a hidden light is the immortal Mrs. Harris. She is the source of illumination by which we see revealed, clear-cut, in all her changing colours, Sairey Gamp. Without the spot-light cast by Mrs. Harris, Sairey would be only half a woman, and we should miss many of the subtle workings of her ingenious mind.

It is through the lips of Mrs. Harris that we are artfully informed what Mrs. Gamp charges for her services: eighteen pence for working people and three and six for gentlefolk—"night-watching being a extra charge." How much more genteel that is, to be sure, than to have Sairey forced to baldly mention it herself.

And if it had not been for Sairey's conversation with her confidential friend, reported on the best of authority—her own—how should we ever have known that all she required was to "put the bottle on the chimley piece and let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoged?" If it had not been for that good friend of hers, we—if we were employing Mrs. Gamp—might have committed the breach of etiquette of asking her whether she would have some, or whether she would not, and so have lost caste with that excellent female. And we should not have been so eminently sure of her sobriety had not her friend commented on what a deal she accomplished on the little she took to drink. We should not have realised that all the drink she required was a half pint of porter "brought regular and drawed mild." Surely we should not venture to ask *how* regular; we could not be so suspicious as to watch the drams with a critical eye.

We could not have been favoured with Sairey's observations upon the youthful appearance of Mrs. Mould had not Mrs. Harris made the sage remark that "years and our trials sets marks upon us all," thereby evoking from Mrs. Gamp an encomium on Mrs. Mould as a shining exception to this rule, which, if coming unprovoked from the lips of Mrs. Gamp herself, might have savoured of flattery, but repeated from her conversation with her friend, came as a spontaneous burst of admiration. Neither should we have had an opportunity of gaining an insight into Mrs. Gamp's religious views had not Mrs. Harris asked how she got the strength to stand the hardships contingent on her occupation and received the reply: "We gives no trust ourselves, and puts a deal o' trust elsewhere; these is our religious feelin's and we finds 'em answer." And Mrs. Harris rejoined: "Sech is life. Vich is likeways the hend of all things"—thus showing herself also to be truly orthodox.

How easy it is to misunderstand a person's motives and put a wrong construction on his acts; we might have got the idea that our friend Mrs. Gamp was rather officious, putting herself forward sometimes in an uncalled-for manner, had not her friend most opportunely

inquired whether it was a public wharf on which they were walking. This gave Sairey an opening to ask her whether, in all the eight-and-thirty years of their acquaintance, she had ever known her to go, or wish to go, where she was not made welcome. To which Mrs. Harris replied: "No, contrary, quite."

But like others who scrutinise texts for internal evidence of this, that and the other thing, I have made a most careful search through the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit* to ascertain whether, in fact, it does not contain enough references to this mysterious Mrs. Harris to enable us to reconstruct—or perhaps *construct* would be more accurate—her character. In the first place, we know her place of residence, for Mrs. Gamp—who certainly ought to know, if anybody does—says that she lives through the square and up the steps a turnin' round by the tobacker shop, and as Mrs. Gamp herself lived in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn, directly opposite the original cat's-meat warehouse and next door but one to the celebrated mutton-pie shop, I have no doubt that I could go straight to the spot, and when I visit London I fully intend to pay my respects to any of the Harrises who may chance to still be living there.

We know that Mrs. Harris belonged to a family noted for its contributions to the population of Great Britain, for she had at least nine children, and a relation of her's through her sister's husband, who was a master sawyer, was godfather to twenty-six blessed little strangers. It is quite probable that the sturdy little Britons of the Harris connection grew up to be tall, strapping fellows, for Mr. Harris' brother was a man of six-feet three, not to mention his having on the left arm a birthmark of a mad bull in Wellington boots, which mark may well have been transmitted to the present generation.

Mrs. Harris' children must have had strong constitutions, for one of them, although he had bandy legs, throve and grew; another, Mrs. Gamp's favourite, little Tommy Harris, who called her his own Granny, survived a spell of choking on his red woollen shoe which he had got into his mouth while lying on the floor, where his mother had left him playing. He was a most unusual child, and even at this early age he showed marked musical talent, for he did even his choking sweetly; no doubt he turned out to be a crooner when he grew up. Belike the other young Harrises were musical, too, for their maternal grandfather was a sweet singer, his voice being like a Jew's-harp in the bass notes. And Mr. Harris must have had an extremely musical voice, for even the howls that he uttered on one momentous occasion sounded exactly like the sounds emitted by the hand-organs on the street. Therefore, with such musical talent on both sides, this must have been an unusually harmonious family.

Another instance of the devotion of this charming couple is the fact that before they were married, Mr. Harris had his bride's face tattooed on his chest for the price of ten-and-six, and wore it till the colours ran, when he endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to get his money back—and quite right, too, for a man who brings up ten children must practice economy. We have Mrs. Gamp's word for it that the

countenance of Mrs. Harris was as beautiful as an angel's—except for pimples, a trifling exception, hardly worth mentioning, but which I include as an instance of Mrs. Gamp's fidelity to details; she adds that she was not only beautiful, but had no envy of other beauties, for she knew not "what it was to form a wish to pizen them as had good looks, and had no reagion give her by the best of husbands." In these days of domestic broils, how refreshing it is to contemplate such an ideal couple.

One instance shows Mrs. Harris's great devotion to her friend; she carried in her pocket several of Mrs. Gamp's teeth which Mr. Gamp had knocked out on one occasion when a slight difference of opinion arose between them; in their company were also a couple of cramp bones, a bit of ginger and a grater in the shape of a blessed infant's shoe with a little heel to keep the nutmegs in. This shows that she was always ready with the materials for putting a little spice into life.

And how much spice does she sprinkle into the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit*! We should be eternally grateful to Dickens for creating such a lively character, one whose personality is so real and vivid that I can be no means agree with Betsey Prig when she asserts that "there's no sich a person." That was just a bit of Betsey's spite. Mrs. Harris is as vital and real as "Me Faythe r" in "Peg O' My Heart," who, though not appearing in the play, is nevertheless a moving factor in the plot. Let us never be such heretics as to doubt her existence; let us not join the ranks of the "debunkers," who take so much joy out of life!

So 'ere's to Mrs. 'Arris—
And may 'er tribe increase;
And may all of Sairey's circle
To accept 'er never cease!

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## DAYS IN DICKENSLAND*

In this book, based to a great extent on his two earlier volumes, "The London of Dickens" and "The Kent of Dickens," Mr. Dexter takes his readers for a twelve days' pilgrimage round Dickensland—the land of the Law Courts and Temple, byways in the City, Islington and Highgate, and from Gad's Hill to Canterbury and Dover. Even the confirmed Dickensian will be surprised, when it is all packed into one volume, at the amount of London Dickens found place for in his novels: he will also seek in vain for omissions of his favourite scenes and of places that he remembers but captiously hopes that Mr. Dexter might have overlooked. Though such a book, built up largely of quotations, and ever switching backward and forward from one of the novels to another, is bound to appear scrappy and disjointed, it is still a pleasure to read and should make the Londoner, tired of the traffic and the pneumatic drill, look at his city with new eyes.

From "The Times Literary Supplement," 29th June, 1933.

* "Days in Dickensland," by Walter Dexter. 7¼ × 5, xi. + 256 pp. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

# THE PERSONALITY OF DICKENS AS SEEN BY A BIOLOGIST

By H. B. FANTHAM, M.A.Cantab., D.Sc.Lond.
(Strathcona Professor of Zoology, McGill University, Montreal)

IT is acknowledged by all that Charles Dickens had a great personality. Biologically, personality is the sum total of the physical, mental and moral characteristics of any individual, and, while the significance of such a term as personality seems generally recognised, there is not much general understanding as yet of the mechanism whereby such is brought about. However, man is largely influenced by the products of certain small glands in his body, such being termed internal secretions or endocrines, which regulate not only his physical conformation such as stature or hair, but also mental characteristics such as energy, accuracy of judgment, good or bad temper. Moral qualities such as justice and honesty of purpose, while in part dependent on mental characters, are also in part dependent on these internal secretions. Physical, mental and moral qualities are connected together by the normal quantity, excess or deficiency of one or more of these internal secretions, and such may be inherited. Also, the products of the body glands interact one with another. These products are chemical messengers made in certain glands and carried by the blood to where they are needed. The chief glands connected with personality are the thyroid on each side of the neck, the adrenals above the kidneys, the pituitary at the base of the brain, the thymus near the heart and the sex glands.

I have studied and analysed the glandular make-up of Charles Dickens, as revealed in portraits and paintings, in his activities, in his books and by his friends and critics. Dickens may be considered as a combination of hyperthyroidism and excess adrenal, at any rate during much of his life. The hyperthyroid face is more or less oval in shape, with delicate features, wide high brows, large vivacious prominent eyes and sensitive lips. It is the least animal of all facial types. Does not this fit well the portraits of Dickens, with his fine forehead, firm nose, bright vivacious eyes and expression, his keenness and physical power? His long thin hands and delicate tapering fingers are also characteristic of the hyperthyroid. The energy of a person is determined largely by his thyroid. People with dominant thyroid constitutions talk fluently, with animation; they are sensitive and acute in their perceptions and have relatively good memories. Essentially they are the great doers of things, not mere lookers-on. Dickens was well known for his enormous output of original work, his books, his plays, his intensely human and interesting readings. He had acute powers of observation and regard for details that were remarkable. He travelled, wrote, lectured and did all well. His great devotion to social service is well known. He pilloried the legal systems that allowed of such great delay and injustice; his protests against the evils of boarding schools, the ill-treatment and starvation therein, led to such indignation that such conditions were practically

swept away; the horrors of the poor law, the workhouse and its vile gang were exposed and banished; the exploitation of children and training of them as young criminals, their frequenting of "flash houses" which were haunts of sex depravity, were set forward with such vigour that the authorities were forced to take action and many of the evils were ameliorated with more than usual promptitude. All these activities showed Dickens as a man dominated in the main by an unusually active thyroid gland.

But the inexhaustible energy of the man needed more than thyroid super-sufficiency and his adrenal glands responded and aided him. The adrenal cortex or outer layer takes a great share in brain development. The adrenal secretion also gives a great capacity for work. The physiologist, Cannon, has built up the theory of the adrenal as a gland of emergency, the reserve store of energy. Great exertion and profound emotion result in more adrenalin being supplied to the blood, and pain, anger or excitement cause its discharge from the glands. It was the presence of an excess of adrenal secretion that gave Dickens the ability to produce book after book, to put forward in so vigorous a style his own wrath and righteous indignation at cruelty, callousness, sordidness and incompetence, so that the public were aroused and, as Dickens had set to work to right the wrong, so did the public insist that the wrong should be righted, and it was done.

Dickens also had a well-balanced pituitary secretion, shown by good brain power and action and harmonious function.

But in his latter years Dickens had to pay for the undue strain put on his adrenals in his early life; and his restlessness and periods of depression afford evidence of the adrenal fluctuations of one of the most energetic and optimistic men that ever lived.

Dickens's great social services are well known, even though he deliberately shut his eyes to the worst side of human nature. Dickens was a eugenist in the truest sense of the term as defined by its founder, Galton, for there is no doubt that he was a student of those "agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations, either physically or mentally." His depiction of Squeers, the pedagogue exercising sordid cruelties; of the workhouse system and its monstrous doings in *Oliver Twist*; of foul-mouthed magistrates such as Mr. Fang; of the law's delays set forth in *Bleak House*, and the Circumlocution Department and the "How not to do it department"; of the need for maternity hospitals and proper training of nurses as exemplified by Sairey Gamp and Mrs. Harris; all touched the popular feeling, and huge reforms ensued. Such was definite eugenic teaching.

Dickens's ideals have had many followers, and many of the evils against which he so vigorously protested, though abated are not abolished. There is still need for reforms and for workers in the cause of humanity to arouse public opinion on many matters, dealing with the welfare, not merely of individuals or of classes, but of the race. Such work must surely be of interest to those who have Dickens's ideals of service and not self at heart. May the spirit of Dickens live and inspire us to further endeavours.

# THE LATE J. CUMING WALTERS

A TRIBUTE BY J. W. T. LEY

J. Cuming Walters, M.A.

IF I were asked for an epitaph for the tomb of J. Cuming Walters, I should write, "He lived a life of service." I have known very few men of whom that could be so unhesitatingly said. I knew him well for twenty-eight years, and I knew him to be a good man. I had personal proofs of his goodness many times, and few better memories abide with me than that of an occasion in 1908 when we sat together through the night, he striving to dispel clouds of pessimism that had settled upon me. I should indeed be unworthy if I could forget, or fail to remember with deep gratitude, an offer he made to me that night. It was one of those moments of intimacy that concentrate friendship.

I met Cuming Walters first at the time of the memorable controversy that followed the publication of his "Clues to Dickens's *Mystery of Edwin Drood*." He visited London at the invitation of the late Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree who wanted to discuss with him a proposal for a play based on *Drood*, and he called at the Fellowship offices in Whitcomb Street. He and Matz and I had tea together and then we discovered that a boyhood friend of his in Birmingham had been a much esteemed journalist colleague of mine in Bristol, and so we had a basis for friendship in addition to our common love for Dickens. From that time our friendship remained intact, though distance made meetings rare. I saw him last in Manchester four years ago. He had been very ill, and I had no doubt then but that his aversion to the surgeon had been the main cause of the trouble. But I well remember the—yes, I will use the word—the sweet way in which he said: "You know, I have no fear of death. That has not worried me. I am ready for that." Since then I have received a copy of each book he has published, and several letters all in the old cheerful strain.

When he was at Cassells' in 1906 I saw him frequently, and I could tell of many acts of kindness. But he had hardly settled in a house at Streatham when he was recalled to Manchester to what was to be

his real life's work. He became Editor of the "Manchester City News," and never did a journalist find himself in a position more admirably suited to his temperament and to his own peculiar abilities. I met him in Ludgate Circus the morning he received the offer. I asked him if he intended to accept it. "Of course," he replied, "it is the ideal job. If I had been given the opportunity to create the perfect job for myself I could not have thought of anything better." Never did a man enter upon responsible duties more happily or more confidently. How his confidence was justified Manchester knows. He stamped his own lovable personality on the paper and made it a power for good in that great city. His own contributions to its columns became, as it were, a feature of the life of Manchester. His industry in this respect alone was astounding. Week after week he was personally responsible for special features, and how he maintained the pressure year after year was a marvel to his journalistic friends. But he had a perfectly amazing facility for writing. He was never at a loss for a word or for an idea. He must have had a tremendous store of nervous energy, for physically he never gave one the idea of robustness.

Yet his work for his paper was but a part of what he did. Continually he was in demand as a lecturer. I read that he had something like 300 lectures. The constant fatigue of talking to audiences of all sizes, with the travelling involved, would have worn out many a man. Yet that was not all. He wrote many books, and he was always in office in some society or another performing the duties of his office as if it were his sole occupation in life. How he did it all was an abiding wonder to his friends, but he did it all well. And for all his astounding facility he never wrote a slip-shod paragraph. Devoted to literature as he was, he was, nevertheless, first and last and all the time a journalist. All his writings were essentially journalistic, but not even in a "stick par" was he capable of falling to the level of "journalese."

Of his Dickensian activities I need write but little. He was a devoted member of the Dickens Fellowship, and not even the honorary degree that Manchester University conferred upon him gave him more pleasure that his election as a Vice-President of our organisation. He ranked these two things together as the greatest honours of his life. He told me so the last time I saw him. The Fellowship never asked him for aid but it was given readily, and it never had a President who performed his duties more conscientiously. Many branches knew him as a lecturer, London knew him, too, and in this capacity nobody was more attractive. He will be remembered as the greatest of all authorities on *Edwin Drood*. It would be extremely interesting to know how many words he wrote on that subject alone. I think he sometimes felt that his reputation in this respect was something of an incubus. "After all," he once said, "*Drood* is not the only book I know something about. But I made my own bed, and I suppose I shall die on it!" Nevertheless, he was always ready for the fray, and nothing could shake him in his conviction—for it really was a definite conviction—that Drood was dead, murdered by Jasper, and that Helena Landless was Datchery. I believe he would have defied

(*Continued on page* 318)

# MR. ALFRED NOYES

## THE FELLOWSHIP'S NEW PRESIDENT

Mr. Alfred Noyes, C.B.E., LL.D., Litt.D.

MR. ALFRED NOYES is one of the most distinguished literary men of the day. He is well known as critic, lecturer, poet, but whichever of these rôles he fills he is always primarily a poet. It is the poet who speaks, who criticises, and a poet is one who sees deeper into the heart of things than other personsanddiscovers beauty in unexpected places. Passages which to the ordinary reader have no particular significance, will appear to him in a very different light. All those who have read or heard Mr. Noyes will remember how he points out in an author's works undiscovered and unsuspected beauties. Many readers may think that rhythm and metre are mere ornaments of style, very pleasant but unnecessary, Mr. Noyes will show that they are of the very essence of a poem. He has put this very vividly in one of his lectures on Poetry. I quote from memory: "Rhythm is the law of the Universe. If your heart beats in free verse, it is high time you saw a doctor, if the crew of a boat row in free verse they catch a crab, if you walk in free verse you make little progress. Whenever Shakespeare is most in earnest his verse becomes more regular and the rhythm more marked."

The leading characteristic of his powers as a lecturer is the ease with which he can pass from the humorous and lighter side of things to the most serious issues of life and death, and carry his audience with him. As a critic he shows not only insight, but great independence of

judgment. His two essays entitled, " Bunyan Revisited " and " The Tercentenary of Francis Bacon," give the admirers of those two authors much to answer. These essays are not mere attacks, they are pieces of reasoned criticism.

It is, however, as a poet that Mr. Noyes is best known, and it is by his poetry, if one dare prophesy, that he will be remembered in future ages. A perfect poem must have beauty of thought and music of words. Many modern poets have forgotten these two conditions, and even those who have made their poems beautiful have often failed to make them musical. The distinguishing feature of Mr. Noyes' poems is their music, they sing themselves, poems such as " The Highwayman," " The Barrel Organ " " Hill Flowers," and " Crimson Sails." Many others remain in the memory after reading them like a haunting melody. In some others like " The Waggon " or " Ghosts " there is a piercing sadness. " The Carol of the Fir Tree " is one of the finest of modern Christmas carols. Poems on George Meredith, Carlyle, and on the death of Francis Thompson express an intense appreciation of the best in literature, while the sonnet on the eightieth birthday of George Meredith shows not only a love of the peaks of Parnassus, but also of the snow-clad pinnacles of the Alps. The sestet of this beautiful sonnet will serve as a greeting to our President and a fitting close to a necessarily brief and inadequate appreciation of his work :—

> " Drink to him, as men upon an Alpine peak
> Brim one immortal cup of crimson wine,
> And into drop one pure cold crust of snow,
> Then hold it up, too rapturously to speak
> And drink—to the mountains, line on glittering line,
> Surging away into the sunset glow."—J. H. McNULTY.

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THE LATE J. CUMING WALTERS *continued from page* 316

the Inquisition itself. I see one obituary notice said that his book was one of the earliest on the subject. That is hardly correct, but it is true that he revived the controversy after a lapse of many years and gave to it its most striking contribution. Let it be noted in passing that he was the first commentator on *Drood* to argue that the hero was actually murdered, a theory that practically everybody has accepted ever since. His other book, " Phases of Dickens," attracted less attention, but it was a serious contribution to the critical study of the novels of considerable value. Of his contributions to this magazine I will only say this. He loved a chuckle over the portentousness of some who took some of these articles in deadly seriousness. Those were the very people for whom these were written. He felt that in some Dickensians there was a lack of perspective, a failure to appreciate comparative values, and he seriously felt that in the long run this could not be good for Dickens or for the Dickens Fellowship. Let nobody doubt that Dickens was his abiding literary love.

He has left us, and many mourn the loss of a loyal well-loved friend. He served his day and generation faithfully and well ; he died unafraid of what was to follow. No man has had less cause to fear.

# THE INFLUENCE OF DICKENS

## COMPILED FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

### C. B. COCHRAN

"Then I read the novels of Charles Dickens, and from that was born another and more singular ambition—to become a Parliamentary reporter. For I found out that Dickens had started his literary career as a journalist in the House of Commons, and nothing would suit me but to follow his example and thus, it seemed to me, myself graduate as a great novelist. One practical result of this was that I studied shorthand and, inspired by my new-found literary zeal, made surprising progress. While others much cleverer than I plodded along slowly, I mastered shorthand easily, thanks to Dickens."—"I had almost forgotten . . ." by C. B. Cochran. (Hutchinson).

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### AMERICA

"America always from the days of Dickens in the 1840's had been the land of gold for English writers. Though no copyright protected foreign authors, 'Harper's Magazine' had paid Charles Dickens $6000 for the American rights of *Great Expectations*."—"The New American Literature, 1890-1930," by F. L. Pattee. (Century Co., New York).

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"Titans of Literature," by R. Burton (Routledge), contains a chapter entitled "Dickens the Heart."

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### SURTEES

"There comes a time in the career of a novelist exceptionally gifted . . . when the man in the street includes the figures of his fiction in his own family circle. Dickens is the classic example. It is sometimes a little difficult to believe Micawber—that refuge of political controversy—never existed . . ."

"No one, except Dickens, has written with greater candour [than Surtees] upon the legal life, and no novelist, including Dickens, had a larger experience of its possibilities."

"Surtees . . . bore the marks of a legal perspective for the rest of his natural life. Economy of comment, a sense of proportion, a fund of humour . . . these, one may feel, were strengthened by legal practice. It was very different with Dickens, whose genius was unsuited to formalities. And yet his novels include no less than thirty-five lawyers, two law stationers, two law writers, and a law student—no mean gallery for so transient an experience."

"The London days of Surtees and Dickens provide . . . an interesting contrast. In 1825, Surtees arrived in London and took up residence in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and in 1828 was admitted in Chancery; in 1827 Dickens entered an attorney's office in Gray's Inn. In 1831 Surtees created John Jorrocks; in 1836 Mr. Pickwick was born. The London days of Surtees . . . provided nothing to be compared for a moment either in personal or literary importance to the supreme

work to which Dickens's experience gave birth. But there are occasional court scenes in Surtees's novels which are so similar to Dickens's legal incidents that they have been overshadowed, although they are hardly inferior."

"The speeches of Surtees's Sergeant Bumptious and Dickens's Sergeant Buzfuz, both excellent and expert fooling, were inspired by a contemporary of the day called Sergeant Bompas—whose gift of oratory was legendary."

"It has been claimed that the discovery of the middle-aged, adventurous Cockney was first revealed by Dickens. Mr. Chesterton has written: '. . . *Pickwick* is supremely original in that it is the adventures of an old man.' That is true enough, but John Jorrocks appeared in 'The New Sporting Magazine' between 1831 and 1834, and Mr. Pickwick did not start his splendid progress until 1836. The discussion whether Dickens had heard about Jorrocks through his publishers when Seymour suggested the adventures of a Nimrod Club has never been proved or disproved, and is of no more than academic interest."—"Robert Smith Surtees," by F. Watson. (Harrap).

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## ARNOLD BENNETT AGAIN

"Question: does a novelist want his characters to remain in the mind of the reader? Some novelists don't. But I do, for one. Dickens's characters remain in the mind. They may perhaps be too conventionalised, too simplified."—"Journals of Arnold Bennett, Vol. 3." (Cassell).

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## ALICE MEYNELL

"There was no clear point of attachment in her nomadic life, but she enjoyed constant contact with writers and artists. 'Dickens taught us two new games—'Buz' and 'What advice would you have given him?' Great laughter and merriment,' reported her mother from some villa in Italy."—"Francis Thompson," by A. De La Gorce. (Burns, Oates).

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## BRAMWELL BOOTH

"Of Dickens it has been said: 'he worked because he was tired. Fatigue bred in him a false and feverish industry' [Chesterton]. Something of this weakness lurked in Bramwell Booth."—"Bramwell Booth," by C. B. Booth. (Rich and Cowan).

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## CALVERLEY'S EXAMINATION PAPER

"Calverley's 'Pickwick Examination Paper' is probably well known to most Dickensians. The ingenious syllabus of questions which has attracted so much attention is not, however, interesting only as a measure of Calverley's curiously minute acquaintance with the masterpiece of Dickens; it deserves also to be noticed on account of the winners of the two prizes which were offered to the successful candidates. The first prize in the competition, which was open to all members of Christ's College, was taken by *Mr. Walter Besant*, the second by *Mr.* (afterwards Professor) *Skeat*."—"Literary Remains of C. S. Calverley," by Sir W. J. Sendall, K.C.M.G. (G. Bell and Sons).

### WANTED—A DICKENS

"I reckon," said the man with the violin, "that we could do with a bit more of Mr. Dickens in this country. A few more Sam Wellers. That's what we want."

"I saw Mr. Dickens once," said another rheumatism-backed gaffer who had not spoken up to now. "A fine-looking gentleman with a fine big beard, same as Mr. Stillaway's, only bigger. He was a gentleman who liked a good laugh, he was."

"Ah!" said the man with the violin, "that's what the trouble is. People don't seem to laugh now like they used to. I don't know why it is."—Scene at the Crooked Billet in "England, their England." A. G. Macdonell. (Macmillan).

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### DICKENS "HUMANIZED"

"Hampstead was basking in the clear . . . sunshine proper to a morning in mid-April when two friends met. . . . One was . . . Mark Lemon. . . . The other was of a different type, being slightly built, with a thin face and fine forehead. . . . His clothes . . . were startingly bright.

Dickens had wandered there to think out his forthcoming speech at the Theatrical Fund dinner. . . Lemon was on his way to visit Clarkson Stanfield . . . who had been lying seriously ill. They found Stanfield depressed and restless. In future . . . he would have to confine himself to little pictures, trivialities. . . .

"Nonsense!" cried Dickens, clapping him on the shoulder. "You must painter larger pictures than ever. To turn out pot-boilers at your age would be demnition and unforgivable treachery on your art. And that, as fellow-artists, we can't permit. Hey, Mark?"

"The Human Approach to Literature," by William Freeman. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson).

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### RUSKIN'S TRIBUTES TO DICKENS

"There are in Ruskin's works several tributes to Dickens. The best known is in a note in 'Frondes Agrestes' where, commenting on his own description of a rough sea, he says, 'There is nothing in sea-description, detailed, like Dickens's storm at the death of Ham, in *David Copperfield*.'"

"The passage in 'Præterita' is probably less familiar. In the second volume of that charming autobiography he writes, 'I remorsefully bethink me, no word has been said of the dawn and sunrise of Dickens on us; from the first syllable of him in the *Sketches* altogether precious and admirable to my father and me; and the new number of *Pickwick* and following *Nickleby* looked to, through whatever laborious or tragic realities might be upon us, as unmixed bliss for the next day. But Dickens taught us nothing with which we were not familiar, only painted it perfectly for us. We knew quite as much about coachmen and hostlers as he did; and rather more about Yorkshire. As a caricaturist, both in the studied development of his own manner, and that of the illustrative etchings, he put himself out of the pale of great authors; so that he never became an educational element of my life, but only one of its chief comforts and restoratives.'"

# PECKSNIFFISMS

Behold the planets, how they shine ! behold the wonders of the firmament ! When I look up and see those shining orbs, I think that each of them is winking to the other to take notice of the variety of men's pursuits.

* * * * *

Forgiveness is a high quality, an exalted virtue.

* * * * *

If our inclinations are but good and open-hearted, let us gratify them boldly, though they bring upon us loss instead of profit.

* * * * *

My duty is to build, not speak ; to act, not talk ; to deal with marble, stone and bricks, not language.

* * * * *

Bless you for doing right, sir. Bless you for hating me.

* * * * *

I am not angry. I am hurt, wounded in my feelings ; but I am not angry.

* * * * *

I have been struck this day with a walking-stick (which I have every reason to believe has knobs upon it) on that delicate and exquisite portion of the human anatomy, the brain.

* * * * *

Some of us are slow coaches ; some of us are fast coaches. Our passions are the horses ; and rampant animals, too, and Virtue is the drag. We start from The Mother's Arms, and we run to The Dust Shovel.

* * * * *

My friends, let us improve our minds by mutual inquiry and discussion. Let us be moral. Let us contemplate existence.

* * * * *

If our inclinations are but good and open-hearted, let us gratify them boldly, though they bring upon us, Loss instead of Profit.

* * * * *

There is disinterestedness in the world, I hope ? We are not all arrayed in two opposite ranks : the *of*fensive and the *de*fensive. Some few there are who walk between ; who help the needy as they go ; and take no part with either side ?

* * * * *

Let us not be for ever calculating, devising, and plotting for the future.

* * * * *

Even the worldly goods of which we have just disposed, even cream, sugar, tea, toast, ham and eggs, even they have their moral. See how they come and go ! Every pleasure is transitory. We can't even eat, long. If we indulge in harmless fluids, we get the dropsy ; if in exciting liquids, we get drunk. What a soothing reflection is that !

* * * * *

I know the human mind, although I trust it. That is my weakness.

*Drawn by*] [*Ruth Whittaker*

## AMERICA

Sir,—I have read an article, "The Gospel of *Martin Chuzzlewit*," by Mr. J. Cuming Walters, in the summer number of *The Dickensian*. I only wish that Charles Dickens were alive at this moment. I should like to read—and to have all the world read—his observations upon what Mr. Walters has therein written regarding America.

This being impossible, I venture to ask that *The Dickensian* open its next issue to the insertion of two quotations. First, to republish what Mr. Walters has said on page 222 of the number now before me. Second, to republish what Charles Dickens said, in 1868, at the dinner given him in this city,* as he was about to take ship for England, after having just completed his second tour of this country, closing with these words:

"This testimony, so long as I live, and so long as my descendants have any legal right in my books, I shall cause to be republished as an appendix to every copy of the two books of mine in which I have referred to America. And this I will do, and cause to be done, not in mere love and thankfulness, but because I regard it as an act of plain justice and honour."

I do not personally need to say more. After reading the two quotations that I respectfully ask for, and weighing one against the other, the readers of *The Dickensian* will assuredly be fully able to reach for themselves a just verdict upon Mr. Walters' act—its propriety and its truthfulness.

It will be 1868 *versus* 1933—"plain justice and honour" against that which I need not personally here characterise. The facts will speak. Let them.

New York. Arthur Elliot Sproul.

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[In reply to this letter, Mr. Cuming Walters wrote the following only two weeks before he passed away.—Editor.]

Sir,—I am obliged to the Editor of *The Dickensian* for allowing me to see Mr. Sproul's letter. It is a little difficult to take the energetic protest of our American friend quite seriously. I was perfectly aware that in 1868 Dickens made a very gracious speech to an American assembly, expressing his appreciation of the courtesy with which he had been received on that occasion. But he did not withdraw a single word he had written in *Martin Chuzzlewit* concerning the America he had known five and twenty years before.

Dickens dealt quite fairly with the America he had seen for himself at both periods. In the long interval great changes had occurred. Surely the fact has not escaped Mr. Sproul's eagle eye that Dickens in praising the America of 1868 was congratulating it in the most

* [This was reprinted in an article by Mr. Sproul in *The Dickensian* for 1931, page 139.—Editor.]

forward manner possible on its improvement, on "changes moral, changes physical, changes in the graces and amenities of life, changes in the press." All these indicated how just had been his original strictures, and how necessary had been the reforms. In short, the many evils Dickens had exposed in *Martin Chuzzlewit* were then in course of emendment, and he bore willing testimony to that fact. But so far from proving he had been wrong, this only proves he was right.

When we say that Dickens condemned rapacity, petty scandal, greed, and double-dealing, we are thinking of the vices that were corrupting America in the days of the Scadders, Chollops, Pogroms and Jefferson Bricks. We are thinking of false and treacherous "Edens" and the shameful exploiting of poor emigrants. We are thinking of ridiculous and bombastic self-praise, of absurd partisanship and of false patriotism. Not only in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, but in the *American Notes* Dickens showed how heartily he hated these forms of imposture and wrong doing. But Mr. Sproul must remember that he was as keenly alive to the evils at home, and we in these days do not resent that he lashed out at Bumbledom, Podsnappery, debtors' prisons, slums, and the infamous dark corners of poor Jo's London. We thank him for his righteous crusade just as every American ought to thank him for his brave onslaught on the iniquities of New York. Does Mr. Sproul himself contend that Dickens's pictures of America in the forties was false ? Does he want us to believe that Dickens really saw an Utopia ; that he, for some pernicious purpose, described it as an Inferno ? If so, we await proofs. But if Mr. Sproul admits Dickens was honest and truthful there is no need for his fiery protest against my summary of *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

In my article I was particularly careful to point out that Dickens's exposure of American evils was not made in order to contrast them with British virtue. Far from it. I ventured to put the case that he found both the Old World and the New World sorely in need of remedy, and the wrongs he laid bare were, I said, "just as virulent in the land that sang 'Hail, Columbia,' as in the London slums and the Salisbury byways." That, I think, is a fair statement which should be acceptable to Mr. Sproul and appease him.

We are all glad that Dickens was able to find an improved America after twenty-five years—just as he found an improved England. His speech was a tribute to the reformers. He was "astounded"—note that word—by the "amazing changes" that had been brought about. But his remarks were not retrospective ; the verdict in *Martin Chuzzlewit* stood, and stands. And in this one particular no change whatever is to be recorded. The fact that Dickens, when in his most genial and conciliatory mood, still retained his original views is one that Mr. Sproul should heed. In all propriety and truthfulness I have reproduced his words, knowing that they were intended to register an unshaken conviction.

Manchester. J. Cuming Walters.

## DISCRIMINATION

Sir, -I am bound to ask you to allow me to say a word or two in reference to the letter from my late friend, Cuming Walters, which appeared in the Summer number. I do so reluctantly and with a sad heart, but I feel I must in justice to such reputation as a Dickensian

as may be mine. I have been the most frequent contributor to *The Dickensian* since its very first number, and I am sure the charge that I am guilty of extravagant and unreasoning worship—a charge based on a tiny parenthesis contained in an article whose every other sentence flatly contradicts it—cannot be substantiated from my articles.

After all, if I err in respect of the *Carol*, I err in surprisingly good company. A literary critic whose name is known to every reader of *The Dickensian*, whose writings have brought him high distinction, said to me three or four years ago, " I never review books on Dickens if I can help it. I do not write on Dickens, because my business is criticism, and I will not criticise Dickens. I regard him as above criticism." This in reference not to one book, mind you, but to the whole of Dickens's work. It is also a little comforting to know that I err with Thackeray. It is very good company to be in. " Who can listen to objections to such a book as this," he wrote. " It seems to me a public benefit and a personal kindness to every man and woman who reads it." And because I adopt that very attitude towards just this one book, I am accused of being a blind idolator of Dickens.

Mr. Walters asked : " Am I to say, because I love Dickens, that his mawkish love scenes in *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby* are perfect ?—that his short Detective Stories about paltry crimes and fifth-rate inspectors are masterpieces ?—that *Barnaby Rudge* is on a level with *Bleak House* ?—and that the youthful dramas and burlettas are gems of purest ray supreme ? " Mr. Walters was dealing with an article the first instalment only of which he had seen. That instalment ran to six and a half pages. It was devoted to frank recognition of the truth of many of the criticisms of Dickens's books. Yet because in a parenthesis I placed the *Carol* on the level that every critic of standing has placed it—a thing apart and above—I am, by inference, accused of holding the mawkish love scenes in the two earliest books to be perfect, of holding some of Dickens's minor work to be in the highest flight, and some youthful and definitely inferior stage productions to be contributions of highest value to dramatic art. I hope I shall never object to criticism, I know I shall always love an argument ; but for at least twenty-five years I have consistently oppressed the very attitude of which I was accused, by my old friend and I feel I am bound to say so. I rather think my friend was doing a bit of coat trailing, for I am sure he knew me far better than his letter implies. I had looked forward to an enjoyable little argument with him. Alas ! He knows the regard I had for him. He knows the writing of this letter does not make me happy. He would readily and frankly admit the justice of my claim to a right to vindicate myself.

Newport (Mon.). J. W. T. Ley.

## GREENWICH CHURCH

Sir,—We all know that Bella Wilfer became Mrs. John Rokesmith in " Greenwich Church " (the parish church, St. Alfege's), while the Boffins, concealed with John's connivance, looked on ; and how a " mysterious rustling " (doubtless produced by Mrs. Boffin's best gown) in the neighbourhood of the organ nearly betrayed them to R. W., in terror lest Mrs. Wilfer should have tracked him. Has the question of their hiding-place ever been settled ? According to Mrs. Boffin herself it was " in " the organ. I find that readers who do not know the ground understand that this means the organ-loft ; but

even if the couple had contrived to reach it they would have had no view of the ceremony. Local Dickensians are convinced that the place was the Royal Pew, which is immediately before the organ and, being carved in the same manner as its case, may well have been regarded by Mrs. Boffin as part of the instrument.

This same organ is now sadly in need of overhaul and improvement, and the elaborate carved work in the manner of Grinling Gibbons, which is the glory of the church, is threatened by the death-watch beetle. We have raised locally about a quarter of the required £2,000, but nowadays we are not wealthy hereabouts and we cannot expect much more. Contributions from your readers who would like to help to save this almost unaltered relic of Dickens's Greenwich will be gratefully acknowledged by me at this address.

St. Alfege's Vicarage,
Greenwich, S.E.10.

O. H. Thomas,
*Vicar.*

## ACTING DICKENS

Sir,—The success of the London April Meeting reported in your last issue prompts me to urge that such entertainments might, in the interest of members and with benefit to the cause of the Fellowship, be contrived at more frequent intervals. None knows better than I the difficulties confronting all amateur dramatic enterprises, *e.g.* suitable halls ; expense, particularly as regards costumes ; scenery ; capable actors ; trained direction : and suitable plays. As you, sir, and the senior members of the Fellowship are aware, years ago the Fellowship Dramatic Society, which dramatised and presented a number of the Dickens novels, was second to none in ambition, and, I sincerely believe, in accomplishment. For causes which were unavoidable, the Society, as a definite entity, has been non-existent for some years and it has not been replaced. The days of lengthy melo-dramas are perhaps past, but the development of programmes of short plays—or sketches—taken from Dickens is not an impracticable proposition, and the result, if successful, would be more in accordance with current taste.

The Fellowship has been discussing Dickens in many phases for a very long time, and I venture, with temerity, to suggest that it might pay to his memory an even greater tribute and attract a greater following if it exhibited in worthy manner more specimens of his art. In that historic phrase, "Cut the cackle and come to the hosses." There is no better way of doing this than by means of public readings or, preferably, by the dramatic presentation of scenes from the novels. The material is enormous, it is unique and much of it is unfamiliar to the present generation ; and with appropriate publicity I have little doubt that an ever increasing audience would be forthcoming.

The costume problem is by way of being solved by Miss Minards, who deserves the fullest support in her enterprise, and her helpers ; scenery is superseded to-day by curtains with entirely satisfying results, while the skill necessary to fashion suitable sketches should be readily forthcoming. A few more capable young male actors is the chief need, together with some modest financial support—neither of which obstacle is insurmountable. The Committee and Miss Jolly have done the pioneer work and have created the nucleus of the famous "Dickens Short Play Repertory Players" (a somewhat unwieldy title, which however will serve for the moment in lieu of a better), who by presenting plays from their repertoire at frequent intervals

among the London and outer London Branches and elsewhere for the benefit of the Dickens House or other appropriate objects could, with encouragement and support, develop into a useful and flourishing element of the Dickens Fellowship (London).

A. E. Brookes Cross.

[Any comment or helpful suggestions in connexion with the above letter will be welcomed.—Ed.]

## TOLSTOY AND DICKENS

Sir,—I read with the greatest interest the numbers of *The Dickensian* which you send to the Tolstoy Museum in Moscow.

Count Tolstoy appreciated Dickens immensely. I heard him say once (in fact the words were addressed to me) that, in his estimation, if all the prose writers of universal literature were sifted (I am not sure of using the right word), Dickens would remain at the top; if his works were sifted, it would be *David Copperfield*; if *David Copperfield*—the chapter with the sea storm would stay in the sieve.

Thinking that this appreciation of our great writer and the author of "War and Peace" might be of interest to you, I communicate his words, which I have kept in my memory.

Moscow. S. Stahovitch.

## REPLY TO A RAILWAY NOTE

Sir,—In the spring, 1933, number (p. 156), Mr. Montague Hardey asks if the colours of railway signals have been changed since 1865; and in the summer number (p. 238), Mr. T. W. Tyrrell, quoting "Notes and Queries" of August 15th, 1931, assumes that they have been.

The two quotations from which the discussion arises appear near the end of Chapter ix of book, the third of *Our Mutual Friend*: "The railway, at this point, knowingly shutting a green eye and opening a red one, they had to run for it." And ". . . The stations, all knowingly shutting up their green eyes and opening their red ones. . . ."

Some readers infer from these words that the red signal meant all clear and the green, danger. Such has never been the case.

The first railway to instal fixed signals was the Liverpool and Manchester, which in 1830 placed boards on posts at the left of the train. The boards were painted red on one side and white on the other, and were surmounted by lamps of the same colours for night signalling. When the red side of the board, or the red light, was turned at right-angles to the train, the driver was to stop, and when the white side was visible he was to proceed. At that early date the size and shape of the boards were not fixed, nor the height of the posts on which they were set, but uniformity in the colours was maintained from the first. The Greenwich Line used flags until 1845, but the red flag was flown to stop the train and the white one to signify that the line was clear.

Semaphore signals were introduced by C. H. Gregory and began to be used by the larger lines about 1841. With them came the green light which meant proceed with caution. Under this system the red light was shown when a train was stopped at a station, and was kept on until ten minutes after it had departed. The train was then "covered" by the green caution light for five minutes; at the expiration of which time the line was considered to be clear, and the white light was shown.

In 1852 E. Tyler demonstrated the Block System, which was perfected by Saxby in 1856, and came into general use. With its advent the caution light was dropped as unnecessary, and the colour of the all clear signal was changed to green, to avoid confusion with lights unconnected with the signal system.

It will thus be seen that, although the size, shape and mechanical management of the day signals has changed in the past one hundred and three years, red has remained throughout the colour of the danger signal. Those who care to pursue the subject further are referred, amongst many articles on the history of railway signalling, to the paper, "Development of Railway Signalling," by W. H. Deakin, read at the Science Museum, South Kensington, October 17th, 1928, and published by the Newcomen Society for the Study of the history of engineering and technology, in "Transactions," Vol. IX, 1928-9. The article on "Signal" in the Encyclopædia Britannica contains the probable explanation of the error made by the writer in "Notes and Queries."

Such being the facts, it is clear that Dickens knew that the red light meant stop. He travelled too much by railway and was too keen an observer to be wrong on such a point. Granted he did know, there would still seem to be no difficulty in reconciling the quotations to the facts.

The party lingered so long with Lizzie Hexam that the train was in the station when they neared it, and was covered by the red light, as it would be to-day if one approached from the rear. Dickens does not say that the red eye was in front of the locomotive. Bella and her friends, no doubt, came from the same direction as the train, which reached the platform ahead of them. In that case the green block signal at the nearer end of the station, which let the train in, would change to red to cover it while it stopped at the station, where it would, in all probability, remain longer in those days than now.

As to the second quotation, the same thing would happen: one of the preparations each station would make "to let the boofer lady pass" would be to shut, while the train was abreast of it, the green eye that allowed her to proceed, and open the red one, which would prevent any other train following her too closely.

On reading Mr. Hardey's question in the spring number I remembered having seen such an one before in *The Dickensian*. While the indices contain a number of references to *Our Mutual Friend*, none was to this matter of the railway signals, and I was obliged to go through the letterpress carefully. In Volume IV, 1908, I found the question, asked by Geo. W. Hawkins, at p. 106. It was answered by Henry Leffmann, of Philadelphia, at p. 164; and also by John Suddaby, on p. 250.

The search through the old volumes was an extraordinarily pleasant retrospect. The changing point of view, the increasing fund of information, the correction of old errors and the new avenues of investigation charted and followed, of times with such brilliant results, made the occupation a fascinating and most interesting one.

But, with all the pleasure, there was one regret: that we have not a thoroughly satisfactory index, making readily available the largest amount of authoritative information ever gathered together about a single author.

Is there no way that this defect can be remedied? Would it not be possible to publish a complete index of subjects, say once every five

years ? It would be invaluable to the great army of Dickens lovers and Dickens students throughout the world, who look upon the four publication dates of *The Dickensian* as the four red letter days of the year.

New York. NEWBURY FROST READ.

[An index to the first twenty-five or thirty volumes would be prepared if the expense could be covered by sales in advance. The cost would be about 20/- per copy according to the number printed. Will intending subscribers kindly communicate with me.—THE EDITOR.]

## MRS. NICKLEBY

SIR,—Miss Pendered has done her brave best "In Defence of Mrs. Nickleby," but she is far from being convincing.

In the course of a long life I have known several men's careers seriously injured by just such silly inconsequent wives. If it is true that Mrs. Nickleby is, at least in some of her characteristics—a caricature of Dickens's mother, may it not be due to the feeling of resentment he felt that she was anxious for him to go back to the loathed Blacking Factory ?

Bridge of Allan. (REV.) W. M. TUKE.

## CUTTLEISMS

SIR,—I was very much interested in Mr. Alfred Holt's contribution in your autumn number (1932) on the quotations made use of by Captain Cuttle.

The writer expressed difficulty in placing two, and I would like to suggest the following as the sources of these :—"Brightest jewel in the crown," the Captain may have heard the old Scotch song, "O were thou in the Cauld Blast," the words of which, I think, are from Burns, and in the second stanza are the words :—

> "Or were I monarch o' the globe, with thee to reign,
> The brightest jewel in my crown wad be my Queen."

"England, home and beauty" is the other phrase, and this occurs in the well-known song "The Death of Nelson," words by S. J. Arnold, music by Braham, in the last verse of which we have the following :—

> "In Honour's cause I fall at last
> For England, Home and Beauty."

Brisbane. W. A. Y. JEFFRIES.

## THOSE CROSSWORD CLUES

SIR.—Surely the kind helpfulness of some crossword compilers is most affecting. Here is one who gives the clue "The Christian name of David Copperfield's second wife" and then, in order that things shall not be too difficult, adds in brackets (Dickens). What could be more considerate ? It probably saved many a would-be solver from a heart-breaking search through "King Lear" and "As You Like It." Another clue in the same puzzle reads "The blind daughter of Caleb Plummer in Dickens's 'Cricket on the Hearth.'" Fancy the time saved to many who but for the information that *The Cricket on the Hearth* is by Dickens, might have spent hours hunting through the works of Ethel M. Dell or the late Edgar Wallace ! And yet—does this sort of thing imply much confidence in the intelligence, knowledge and education of the average crossword solver ? C.W.

# DICKENSIANA

## BOOKS.

*The Real David Copperfield*, by Robert Graves. 9s. Alfred Barker, Ltd.

*Dickens*, by Bernard Darwin (Great Lives Series). 2s. Duckworth.

*Robert Smith Surtees*, by Frederick Watson. (illustrated). 12s. 6d. Harrap.

*Days in Dickensland*, by Walter Dexter. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. Methuen.

*The Trial of Jack Sheppard*, edited by Horace Bleakley and S. M. Ellis (illustrated). 10s. 6d. Hodge.

*Concerning Dickens and other Literary Characters*, by J. H. McNulty. Published by the author (obtainable at the The Dickens House). 1s. 6d.

## NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

"The Man Who Fought for Little Children." *The People*, 26th February.

Reviews of "The Real David Copperfield," *Daily Telegraph*, 18th March; *The New Statesman* (G. W. Stonier), 25th March; *Everyman* (W. Kent), 25th March; *Times Lit. Sup.*, 23rd March; *Western Evening Standard* (Howard Spring), 23rd March; *Sunday Times* (J. C. Squire), 26th March; *Glasgow Herald*, 23rd March; *Yorkshire Post* (Edwin Muir), 25th March; *Sunday Chronicle*, 19th March; *Birmingham Gazette*, 30th March; *Scotsman*, 6th April; *Daily Express* (James Agate), 30th March; *News Chronicle* (Robert Lynd), 30th March; *Manchester Guardian*, 31st March; *Western Mail* (J. W. T. Ley), 6th April; *Time and Tide* (E. M. Delafield), 8th April; *The Guardian* (R. Ellis Roberts), 7th April; *John o' London's Weekly* (Bernard Darwin), 1st April; *Punch*, 5th April; *Spectator*, 21st April; *Saturday Review* (B. Causton), 22nd April; *Granta*, 26th April; *Observer*, 30th April; *Public Opinion*, 28th April; *The Listener*, 10th May.

"Dickens's Irish Friend" (Lady Blessington). *Cork Examiner*, 23rd March.

"Summer at Gad's Hill," by Alice Berry-Hart. *Blackwood's*, April.

"The Real-Life Micawber of York," by G. W. H. *Yorkshire Evening News*, 18th April.

"Round England with Dickens," by Walter Dexter. *Daily Herald*, two or three times weekly from 24th March.

"Round About Rochester," by E. V. Lucas. *Sunday Times*, 23rd April.

"A Portsmouth Immortal." *Hampshire Telegraph*, 28th April.

"Literary Landmarks of South London," by Owen Carroll. *Norwood Press*, 26th May.

"Recollections of Rochester," by Edwin Harris. No. 52: "The Six Poor Travellers." *Chatham Observer*, 25th May, 2nd June.

"Yarmouth and Dickens," by Guy P. L'Estrange. *Yarmouth Mercury*, 10th June.

"Great Books for Young Readers," xxv. *Great Expectations*. *Manchester City News*, 10th June.

"Little Dorrit; her Church and Borough," by Rev. J. Ford McLeod, B.D. *The Scotsman*, 23rd June.

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood," abridged, retold by J. Campbell, M.A. *Weekly Scotsman*, 10th June.

"The Great Master" (leader). *Edinburgh Evening News*, 8th June.
"Men of Letters. No. 2, Dickens." *Pontefract Express*, 10th June.
"I Remember Dickens," by Owen Carroll. *John O'London's Weekly*, 24th June.
"My Visit to Delius. A Talk on Dickens," by Sir Edward Elgar. *Daily Telegraph*, 1st July.
"The Prose Appreciation Lesson; VIII, *Pickwick Papers*," by G. F. Hughes. *The Schoolmaster*, 6th July.
"The Original of Pickwick," by J. W. T. Ley. Illustrated. *John O'London's Weekly*, 15th July.

NOTE.—Any of the above books, newspapers or magazines can be obtained from The Dickens House. All books are sent post free.

# FELLOWSHIP NOTES

CONTRIBUTED BY BRANCHES

*Drawn by*] *Ruth Whittaker*

**The attention of those responsible for these Notes, is particularly directed to the first paragraph of "When Found—" in this number.**

**Latest date for the receipt of notes for the Winter Number is November 11th.**

## OH! FOR A DICKENS TO-DAY

"Would there were a Dickens to tell us about Pickwickian major-generals, Pickwickian premiers, Pickwickian ambassadors and Bill Sikesian munition makers; to girdle the earth with a laugh so uproarious that the whole earth would hold its sides, not with wounds but with mirth, and roar again at the unthinkable savage survival of war. Would that he could help us to laugh war from off the earth as an absurdity, laugh war hates out of the hearts of men, until tears that are neither from broken hearts nor gas bombs sparkle in every eye, until the genial solvent of humour should dissolve the awful war-word 'manslaughter,' into the glorious and joyful words, 'man's laughter,'" said Dr. David A. Stewart, M.D., LL.D., in the course of an address before the Winnipeg Branch, at the annual birthday celebration dinner in February last. Dickens the Reformer: a hackneyed subject was treated in such a bright and interesting manner that when the speaker resumed his seat after an hour and a half, the members were obviously in an Oliver Twistian mood. They wanted some more—so much so that the address has been put into print by request, so that it might be read and enjoyed again at leisure. Inquiries having come in from outside points for copies prompts us to offer them to those interested at 15 cents each (6d. in Great Britain). Apply to Mr. Chas. W. Youell, 461 Balmoral Street, Winnipeg, Canada.

## TORONTO

The Toronto Branch looks back on the season as a very successful one from all angles. *A Tale of Two Cities*, dramatised by Mrs. T. Pocklington, was witnessed by good audiences during its week's run at the Margaret Eaton Theatre in February. On the March evening Dicken's own play, *The Lamplighter*, was produced for the second time, and at the April meeting a distinct novelty was presented in Mr. Hunt Stanford's dramatization of *Master Humphrey's Clock*. The play was in three scenes, the first representing Mr. Pickwick applying for a place in Master Humphrey's circle; the second the

**Miss Cora Lee Hunt**

For sixteen years Secretary of Toronto Branch. Also Editor of the Toronto "Mudfog News" since its inception. An invaluable officer—a wonderful secretary, and one of the best informed Dickensians.

**J. Hunt Stanford, L.R.I.B.A.**

Born at Tipton, Staffordshire, 1871. Came to Canada, 1903. Vice-President and Chairman of Executive Council of Toronto Branch for 5 years, President 4. First President of "Boz" Club of Toronto. Served overseas with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, and saw service in France and Belgium. Mentioned in despatches.

arrival of Pickwick and the two Wellers; the third Mr. Pickwick reading his contribution to the tales told by the circle. As he commenced to read the stage darkened and the tale he told was acted in centre stage, the members of the circle being invisible. As the tale finished the whole stage was again visible, and the "curtain" consisted of Mr. Pickwick handing the manuscript of his story to Master Humphrey, who solemnly opened the clock and placed it inside. During the season substantial contributions were made to the various organisations the Branch is interested in, the Bolton Fresh Air Camp, the Nagawa Camp for Girls, the Canadian Mothercraft Society, and several others. After five years as Chairman of the Council and four

years as President, Mr. J. Hunt Stanford submitted his resignation, which was regretfully accepted, and Mr. S. J. Manchester was elected in his stead. At the final meeting of the Executive Council Mr. Stanford was presented with a handsome volume in which all the members of the Council had inscribed their autographs, and in replying Mr. Stanford expressed his love for the Fellowship by describing it as "the bride of his later years." A serious accident to the Secretary, Miss Hunt, resulting in a compound fracture of the right arm, left the Branch without her valuable services for over two months; but the Branch is happy to record that she will be at hand when the next season opens.

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## BIRMINGHAM'S COT FOR TINY TIM

Birmingham Dickensians spent a very happy time on July 13th at the Children's Hospital, Birmingham, upon the occasion of the unveiling of a "Tiny Tim Cot" in the Orthopædic Ward. The Lord Mayor of Birmingham, Councillor Goodby, in a few well-chosen words, introduced Mrs. Ellison, the "mother" of the Branch, who unveiled the tablet and read the inscription:—

"To the Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens
and his love for Children."

The Lord Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Barnes, blessed the Cot. Mr. Levick, the Chairman of the Hospital, feelingly accepted the gift of the Branch, and Mr. A. E. Bixby, trustee of the Cot Fund, thanked the Lord Mayor and the Lord Bishop for their attendance and interest. The happy occasion concluded with a tour of the hospital.

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## DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROCHESTER BRANCH

We regret to record the death, at the age of 68, of Mr. Richard Evans Prall, President of the Rochester Branch since 1912. Mrs. Prall was elected as Joint President at a later date and they were an ideal Dickensian couple. The success of the branch has been due in no small measure to their efforts, and the New Year parties at which they always received their guests in costume, have become events eagerly looked forward to by all Dickensians.

The interment took place at Frindsbury Churchyard, the service being conducted by Bishop G. L. King and Rev. H. Shepherd, the Vicar. The great respect in which the deceased was held was manifested by the large congregation, all classes of the community being represented.

* * * * *

Rambles have been the staple product of most of the branches during the summer months.

* * * * *

Redditch made an evening pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, and after looking round the town went to a performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" at the Memorial Theatre.

* * * * *

Following their usual custom Eastbourne had a regular series of motor trips during the summer.

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The London pilgrimage this year was to Salisbury by the road so often traversed by the Chuzzlewits, Pecksniff and Tom Pinch. The party was welcomed by Archdeacon Carpenter and Sir Walter Alcock, the cathedral organist, who, after lunch, delighted the members with

a special recital on the successor to the organ on which Tom Pinch played.

* * * * *

In May the Whitstable Branch explored the Strand and the Inns of Court under the guidance of the Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. W. Edwards, and finished up with an all too short visit to the Dickens House. In June the President of the branch lent a barge for a sea trip, and as Mrs. Daniels most kindly provided tea, everybody felt at home although at sea. Later in the month there was a very enjoyable garden party at The Oaks, Westbere, where the hosts were Mrs. Paterson and her father.

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The Leyton Branch made the Kentish Dickensland the *venue* for their outing in July, and first visited Gravesend under the guidance of Mr. Philip, the Borough Librarian. Then, of course, to Gad's Hill, Rochester, Chatham, Cobham, and finished up in the *Great Expectations* country by a visit to Cooling. A very full and very enjoyable day.

* * * * *

Having sent £30, the proceeds of their last play, to Cirencester Memorial Hospital for the upkeep of the Dickens Fellowship Cot in the Children's Ward, the Branch staged "Oliver Twist asks for more" in the Cirencester Hospital Carnival procession in July, to keep the Branch and the Cot before the public.

* * * * *

Regional Group No. 6 had a meeting at Hatfield in May, which was successful in every way. More than one hundred members met and visited Hatfield House after the business had been concluded, and Mr. Day, who has been elected Chairman for the coming year, is to be congratulated on the arrangements made for the comfort of the members. Further meetings have been arranged at Wellingborough and Southwark.

* * * * *

A successful first year has been concluded at Worcester (Mass.). The meetings have been confined to readings and discussions of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. At Christmas a party was held at which all guests wore Dickens costumes. The result has been an extraordinary revival in the interest in Dickens in the locality, and as soon as financial conditions improve we look forward to increase our membership and to establish a club room.

* * * * *

Reports received too late for insertion from the Dickensian Tabard Players and the Melbourne Branch.

## SPECIAL FOR DRAMATIC SECTIONS

An acting version of "The Cricket on the Hearth," by our well-known contributor, Mary L. Pendered, has been successfully produced three times and may be confidently recommended to amateurs. It is easy to stage and moves briskly; while the dramatic story is clearly brought out. There are three short acts—two scenes—and it plays one hour.

Miss Pendered has also written two half-hour sketches, "The Love Affair of Miss Fanny Squeers" and "Mr. Chadband Holds Forth," both of which have been played with success. Typed copies on application to the Dickens House.

# DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

## FOR THE QUARTER ENDING 30 NOVEMBER, 1933

**Attention of Branch Secretaries is directed to the first paragraph of "When Found—" in the current issue.**

AUCKLAND.
Oct. 12—Lecture by Dr. Kenneth Gordon.
26—Lecture by Mr. Preston Chambers.
Nov. 9—Lecture by Rev. A. B. Chappell.
23—Dramatic Evening arranged by Messrs. Green and Vivian.

BIRMINGHAM.
Oct. 11—The President (Mr. Walter Grove) "At Home."
21—Whist Drive.
Nov. 8—Debate between Mr. Bixby and Mr. Cyril Tayler.

BRIGHTON.
Oct. 12—President's Address and Conversazione.
Nov. 9—Dramatic Recital and Readings.
Dec. 14—Lecture.

BROMLEY.
Sept. —A London Ramble conducted by Mr. T. W. Hill.
Oct. —Recital by Rev. T. Faulkner Jefferis.
Nov. —An Introduction to *Barnaby Rudge*.

CHELTENHAM.
Oct. 6—Lecture on *Barnaby Rudge* by Mr. E. Walsh, B.A.
Nov. 3—Lecture by the President, Mr. H. O. Barnett.
17—Dinner and Dance to celebrate Coming-of-Age of the Branch

CIRENCESTER.
Oct. 2—Lecture-Recital by Mr. J. Cooper Sands, "Master Humphrey from his Chimney Corner."
Nov. 6—Introductory Paper on *Barnaby Rudge* by Mr. J. T. Henderson.

EASTBOURNE.
Sept. 5—Motor Drive to Poynings and Devil's Dyke.
28—Motor Drive, Heathfield Circular Tour.

EDGWARE.
Sept. 16—Ramble to Ken Wood.
Oct. 10—Lecture-Recital by Mr. Frank Johnson, "The Humour and Pathos of Dickens."
31—Social Evening.
Nov. 14—Debate, "Is Dolly Varden the most charming of Dickens's Heroines?"

GLOUCESTER.
Oct. 3—Lecture-Recital, by Mr. J. Cooper Sands, "Master Humphrey from his Chimney Corner."
Nov. 8—Introducing *Barnaby Rudge*, and Dramatic Reading.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.
Oct. 16—Balloon Debate.
Nov. 1—Lantern Lecture, "Eighteenth Century London Landmarks with Dickensian Associations," by Mr. W. J. Roffey.
15—Whist Drive.

HATFIELD.
Sept. —Twenty-first Birthday Party.
Oct. —Report from Conference Delegates, Readings from *Barnaby Rudge*, and Sketches.
Nov. —Lecture on Hatfield by Rev. J. J. Antrobus.

HULL.
Oct. 6—Dingley Dell Party.
20—Lecture, "People I Dislike," by Mr. T. L. Witty.
28—Whist Drive.
Nov. 3—Mr. H. J. Barney's (the President) Evening with *Barnaby Rudge*.
17—Play, "The Battle of Life," arranged by Miss Evie Graves, by members of St. Augustine's Literary Society.
25—Whist Drive.

LEYTON.
Sept. 27—Dramatic Evening under the direction of Mr. J. C. Robinson.
Oct. 25—Lecture, "The Athenæum," by Mr. T. W. Hill.
Nov. 29—Debate, "That Dickens's married men were less successfully delineated than his bachelors," by Messrs. J. H. McNulty and S. J. Rust.

LIVERPOOL.
Oct. 4—Presidential Address by Mr. G. H. Boothman, J.P.
14—Regional Meeting.
18—Lecture by Miss Parnell, "Slavery in the Modern World."
Nov. 1—Members' Evening, Sketches and Short Papers.
15—Evening arranged by Mrs. Evans, of Manchester.
29—Lecture by Mr. D. A. Elwes, "Some famous Misers."

LONDON.
Oct. 4—Opening Meeting at Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury, Mr. Alfred Noyes in the chair.
Nov. 4—Ramble, "Charing Cross to St. Paul's," conducted by Mr. Frank S. Johnson.
10—Lecture on "Barnaby Rudge," by Mr. J. H. McNulty.
30—Performance of "The Frozen Deep," produced by Miss Frances Jolly in aid of The Dickens House.
Dec. 5—Lantern Lecture on "The Athenæum," by Mr. T. W. Hill.

NOTTINGHAM.
Oct. 10—Introducing *Barnaby Rudge.*
19—Readings from *Barnaby Rudge.*
26—Lecture-Recital by Mr. J. Cooper Sands, "Master Humphrey from his Chimney Corner."
Nov. 1, 16, 27—Readings from *Barnaby Rudge.*
18—Social Evening and Dance.

OLD TOWN—ORONO.
Oct. 10—Outline of *Barnaby Rudge* by Mrs. P. G. Cunningham.
14—"The Gordon Riots in History," by Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sharpe, and "Three Young Women," by Mrs. C. B. Crofutt.
Dec. 12—"Psychological Study of an Imbecile," by Rev. Dr. L. D. Case, and "A Study of Prison Life," by Mrs. H. D. Foster.

PLYMOUTH.
Oct. 3—President's Reception, Music and Whist.
17—Evening arranged by Mrs. S. S. Hutchings.
Nov. 14—Lecture, "The Women of Dickens," by Rev. G. L. Matthews.
28—Dramatic and Musical Evening arranged by Mrs. L. Brenton.

REDDITCH.
Oct. 4—Recital by Mr. J. Cooper Sands.
Nov. 1—Members' Evening, "My Story," and Character Studies from *Barnaby Rudge.*

SHEFFIELD.
Oct. 6—Music and Dickensian Charades arranged by Mrs. Johnson, Misses Burgin and Lawrence.
12—Whist Drive.
Nov. 10—Lecture-Recital by Rev. W. T. Nicholson.
15—Whist Drive.

ST. PANCRAS.
Sept. 2—Ramble to Highgate.
Oct. 9—President's Evening.
14—Regional Group Ramble to Southwark.
28—Ramble to Old Hampstead.
Nov. 6—Synopsis of *Barnaby Rudge.*
17—Whist Drive in aid of The Dickens House.
18—Ramble to Grocers' Hall.

SOUTHAMPTON
Oct. 12—Social Evening.
Nov. 9—Introducing *Barnaby Rudge*, by Lieut. Heather, R.N.R.D.

SOUTHEND.
Oct. 6—Reception by the President (Mr. Walter Frith) followed by Dance.
Nov 4—Dance at the Essex County Bowling Club.

SYDNEY.
Sept. 28—Lecture, "Dickens and the Law," by Mr. S. Elliott Napier.
Oct. 26—Lecture, "Abnormal Persons in Dickens," by Rev. Victor C. Bell, M.A.
Nov. 23—Discussion of *Sketches by Boz.*
Dec. —Christmas Party.

WINNIPEG.
Oct. 12—Lecture on *Barnaby Rudge* by Mr. Thos. C. B. Boon.
Nov. 9—University Evening—English Authors contemporary with Dickens visiting the United States.

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